

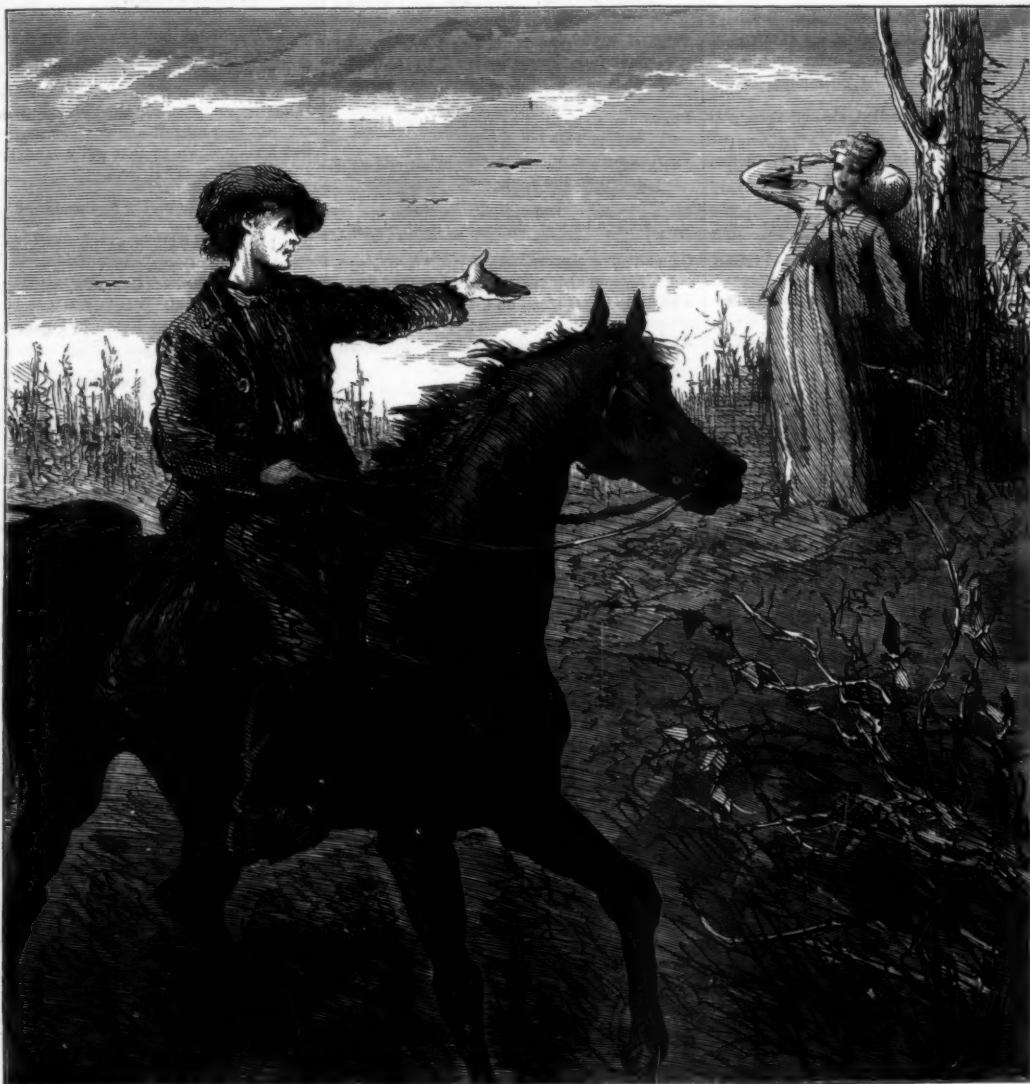
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TOLD IN A FARM-HOUSE.



SUMMER of 'sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away—
Gone to the county-town, sir, to sell our first load of hay—
We lived in the log-house yonder, poor as ever you've seen;
Roehen there was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle.
How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin to tell—
Came from the Blue-Grass country; my father gave her to me
When I rode North with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know—
The house stood in broad corn-fields, stretching on, row after row.
The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as kind could be;
But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of the Tennessee.

Oh! for a sight of water, the shadowed slope
of a hill!
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that
never is still!
But the level land went stretching away to
meet the sky—
Never a rise, from north to south, to rest the
weary eye!

From east to west, no river to shine out under
the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow after-
noon;
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out,
all forlorn;
Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among
the corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait
any more,
But moved away from the corn-lands, out to
this river-shore—
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir—off there's a
hill, you see—
And now I've grown to like it next best to the
Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came
riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer
Rouf's little lad.
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly
stopped to say,
"Morgan's men are coming, Fran; they're
galloping on this way.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a
mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses—every horse that
he can find.
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's ter-
rible men,
With bowie-knives and pistols, are galloping
up the glen."

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still
at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with
spools on the floor;
Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my
man, was gone.
Near, nearer, Morgan's men were galloping,
galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pas-
ture-bar.
"Kentuck!" I called—"Kentucky!" She
knew me ever so far!
I led her down the gully that turns off there
to the right,
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just
out of sight.

As I ran back to the log-house, at once there
came a sound—
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling
over the ground—
Coming into the turnpike out from the White-
Woman Glen—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's ter-
rible men.

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat
fast in alarm;
But still I stood in the door-way, with baby on
my arm.
They came; they passed; with spur and whip
in haste they sped along—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band, six
hundred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through
night and through day;
Pushing on East to the river, many long miles
away,
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up
into the West,
And ford the Upper Ohio before they could
stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan
rode in advance.
Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave
me a sideways glance;
And I was just breathing freely, after my chok-
ing pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly
drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared
look in his face,
As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced
around the place.
I gave him a cup, and he smiled—'twas only a
boy, you see;
Faint and worn, with dim-blue eyes; and he'd
sailed on the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir—a fond mother's only
son—
Off and away with Morgan before his life had
begun!
The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn
was the boyish mouth;
And I thought me of the mother waiting down
in the South.

Oh! pluck was he to the backbone, and clear
grit through and through;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the
big words wouldn't do.
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as
plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the
Tennessee.

But, when I told the laddie that I too was from
the South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers around
his mouth.
"Do you know the Blue-Grass country?" he
wistful began to say;
Then awayed like a willow-sapling, and fainted
dead away.

I had him into the log-house, and worked and
brought him to;
I fed him, and coaxed him, as I thought his
mother'd do;
And, when the lad got better, and the noise in
his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping,
galloping on.

"Oh, I must go," he muttered; "I must be
up and away!
Morgan—Morgan is waiting for me! Oh, what
will Morgan say!"
But I heard a sound of tramping, and kept him
back from the door—
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had
heard before.

And on, on, came the soldiers—the Michigan
cavalry—
And fast they rode, and black they looked, gal-
loping rapidly.
They had followed hard on Morgan's track;
they had followed day and night;
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had
never caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those
summer days;
For strange, wild men were galloping over
her broad highways—
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone,
now north, now east, now west,
Through river-valleys and corn-land farms,
sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were
taken at last.
They almost reached the river by galloping
hard and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever
they gained the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down
his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him
against his will—
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there,
pale and still.
When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder
to hear me tell—
But I stole down to that gully, and brought
up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty,
gentle lass—
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the
old Blue-Grass.
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the
money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the
worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I
knew how.
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many
a backward bow;
And then the glow it faded, and my heart be-
gan to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Ken-
tucky Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon
was shining high;
Baby and I were both crying—I couldn't tell
him why—
But a battered suit of rebel gray was hang-
ing on the wall,
And a thin old horse, with drooping head,
stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard
word to me;
He knew I couldn't help it—'twas all for the
Tennessee.
But, after the war was over, just think what
came to pass—
A letter, sir; and the two were safe back in
the old Blue-Grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Ken-
tucky Belle;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and
heartly, and well;
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched
her with whip or spur.
Ah! we've had many horses, but never a horse
like her!

CONSTANCE FENTIMORE WOOLSON.

THE DAPHNE.

ONE day there sat at lunch, in their own
cottage at Springtide Beach, a pair of
veterans in marriage. As such, it was the
custom of all their young unmated friends to
apply to them for solace and advice in mo-
ments of need.

Suddenly, there was heard upon the resounding piazza the rapid rat-a-tat-tat of ladies' feet.

"More trouble," said the gentleman.

"It sounds like Nannie Armitage," responded the lady, listening with her hand hovering like a dove over her tea-service.

There was a passage of bell-ringing and interlocation in which a servant played a part. Then there was a sound of a rushing of skirts. The matron arose and hastened into the *bijou* parlor adjoining. The door was burst open, and there appeared a wild and gasping fairy, all in blue and white. She had bracelets on her wrists; a jingling *châtelaine* depended from her belt; and some of her pretty blond hair had straggled down upon her round forehead. She seemed to be violently repressing herself. Her bosom was in a tumult, and she wrung her soft hands. She gazed for an instant at the tea-room door, which was slowly closing, and then she opened her red lips, threw out her arms, and, in the very fury of sorrow, darted upon her friend, crying:

"O Polly, Polly—I've quarrelled with GEORGE!"

"Quarrelled with George!"

"Yes, quarrelled with George. It's true, it's true. Oh, please don't make me say it again! please don't!" And she cast herself upon her friend's neck, and, winding her arms about her, she pressed her burning cheeks upon that secure and tender refuge, the shoulder, and gave herself up to grief.

The master of the castle appeared at the door. But there instantly came into his wife's face, as it confronted him over the throbbing form of the confiding one, a sudden cat's-paw. Therefore, he quietly retreated, and returned to his table again.

"Quarrelled with George!" pursued the sympathizer, "can it be possible! Is it"—(slowly)—"is it—a—tiff, Nannie? or is it"—(quickly)—"a very serious matter? a—"

"Why, we have separated!" cried the sufferer; "we have had very hard words, and we have taken leave of each other, forever!"

Here there was a long silence, one of those pauses which always occur in such extremities, and which are occupied insensibly by both parties in an approach to a common ground. One of the two people became more calm as her friend was calm, and the friend became more sorrowful even as the other was sorrowful.

"Poor Nannie," she murmured in her ear, "poor child—and you were so happy, too."

"Oh, oh, so happy," was the return, in a broken whisper, "so very happy, Polly. And it's all over now—I—I think I shall die."

"And what was it about, Nannie?"

"Oh, about the Daphne."

"What, George's yacht?"

"Y—yes—oh, how I hate the name! it has made me so terribly miserable. I so long for rest, Polly, so long to hide me somewhere out of the way of human beings and human concerns. I—I am very weary and heart-broken—I—oh, dear—oh, dear!"

There was a tale to be told. The shades were closed, and they went and sat down where the sea-breeze blew upon them. It was indeed about the Daphne, the boat which was so truly famous for sailing on the

wind. She was a schooner of seventy-and-odd tons burden, shaped like a fish, winged like an eagle, and posed like a swan. She was only two years old, and had already outsailed the club fleet in all weathers, and had borne away the "Van Schoonhoven Cup" two years in succession.

"To-morrow," said Miss Nannie, with interpolated sobs, "you know that this great race of 1873 is to come off. If the Daphne wins it, she will retain the cup—and—"

"Oh, I know all about it," was the blithe response, "Tom has been telling me for three weeks. It will be a tremendous affair, and I should think that all the world was coming—oh—let me ask you before I forget—do you remember how much the Daphne won by, in 1871?"

"In 1871?" queried Miss Nannie, in a feeble voice. "In 1871, I think it was by eight and three-quarter minutes; yes, that is right, eight and three-quarter minutes."

"And in 1872?"

Miss Nannie, with her pretty finger on her quivering lips, reflected a moment.

"In 1872, the Petrel, George's great rival, came in ahead, but the Daphne had a time allowance of fifteen minutes, and so she really beat the Petrel and the whole fleet by five minutes. I know George was delighted. He said he had rather have won that race than a dozen like that of 1871."

"And who owns the Petrel, Nannie?"

"Oh, Clary Vedder," said she.

"Clary Vedder! Why, that little fly-away Susie Staats is his *affiancée*. She was the one that was so much in love with George in the Trosachs two years ago. But he didn't smile upon her, and she's hated him ever since. Ah, wouldn't she be happy if her Clary's Petrel could only carry off the cup!" And the astute tactician shook her head and reflected upon the matter. But in a moment she returned to earth again with a start: "Forgive, Nannie; come, poor child, tell me, tell me all about your trouble," and she wound her arm about her afresh, and bent her head to listen.

"But George is so taken up with his pleasure, Polly. It is yacht, yacht, yacht, from one week's end to the next. Yesterday, he was doing nothing but experimenting with a new self-detaching boat-fall. He is all the time thinking of dead-water, and his new wire-rigging and his copper-sheathing. He is allowing his soul to rust out, Polly. One can't be playing all the time." Here she ran off into a velvety denunciation of George and all his works. She granted him handsome, and generous, and ardent, and supremely intelligent, "but alas! Polly," she cried, with a tremulous light in her soft eyes, "he doesn't see the great world as I see it."

"And you asked him to give up yachting, Nannie?"

"Yes, Polly. I begged him to think of the precious time he was wasting. I told him that I did not believe he was serious enough, and he said he thought he was too serious already, and—"

"And then, what?"

"Why, then, I explained that with his talents he ought to be doing something great in some way or other. The world is full of

terrible wrongs and wickednesses, and I told him that he was very culpable not to be a reformer."

"And what did he say to that?"

"Well, he said 'Pshaw!'"

"Did he?"

"Yes. I simply replied: 'I implore you to stop this waste of your youth. Determine to make up your mind to do greater and better things than cruising about in a pretty boat. Say to yourself, 'I will cease.' I urged him to come to a decision at once, to turn about immediately, to make the splendid resolve to quench his childish desire for a transient triumph over the Petrel to-morrow; but—but—"

"But what, Nannie?"

"But he only walked up and down very furiously, while I sat there pleading and beseeching until I grew excessively tired; I am sure I must have looked very wan and lonely."

"And then, I suppose, the quarrel began?"

"Yes, immediately. George was like a tiger. He said he had a mind to turn fisherman at once, and to remain so all his days. Then, Polly, I began to discover that the sprinkling of roses on my path was a very shallow one. He finished by asking me in a very excited manner *what* it was that I wished him to do? What *particular* labor would seem proper for him to undertake? What were the terrible faults that he was committing? 'George,' said I, indignantly, 'I leave all that to yourself; your own conscience is sensitive enough to furnish you with convincing answers.' Here Miss Nannie bridled for a moment, and then suddenly broke down into another fit of weeping, and cast herself for a second time upon the tender bosom of her friend.

The friend remained a moment in deep thought; then she whispered in a siren's voice, and with a siren's embrace, "Nannie, dear, haven't you been to hear little Benjamin Dreyfus preach lately?"

"Oh, yes, Polly, all the girls go."

"I thought so."

"And why, pray?" Miss Nannie looked up with inflamed eyes.

"Well, because you echo that poor boy's pantings after splendid virtues, and, like him, are not at all sure of what they consist or where they may begin. Listen a moment to the Trumpet of Wisdom. There is such a thing as keeping your purities in hand as well as your faults. You have suddenly conceived the idea that George is not leading a life that is distinctly profitable to anybody. It takes a pretty wise person to prove that, to begin with; but, supposing it true, we find you wishing to animate him to think more—to open his eyes to the good he may do with his wealth—to learn the pleasures of a more æsthetic, intellectual, and—"

"And religious, Polly."

"Yes, and religious life. Is not that your plan?"

"Y—yes."

"Well, and how do you set about it? By putting yourself in a position to direct him anew? By placing yourself in advance? By instructing yourself in the definite methods by which he may rise? No. For when he fairly asked you what he *should* do, you at

once fell back upon your sentiment. You should know that you must inculcate people with goodness, not shoot it into them. It was not the most sagacious plan for you, a full-fledged Puritan, to leap suddenly out, and demand that your best friend should give up his best pleasure because you, in solitary self-communion, had decided that it was best that he should. If you are convinced that the few weeks in the year which are spent by George in such sport might be better employed, you should have set about persuading him by slow degrees. I venture to believe that you have not the remotest idea of the pleasure of which you wish to deprive him. I think you have never been upon the water. No? I thought not. Then, before you asked George to surrender something of which you do not understand the nature, would it not have been better to have asked yourself, 'Am I sure that I am not making mischief?' If you had done so, then this serious trouble would not have come upon you. Benje Dreyfus, who is ailing and bloodless, though very good, has raised you into a moral atmosphere too rarefied for one to breathe on short notice. Therefore, if you want George to ascend to those lofty heights with you, you must tell him along, and perhaps he will grow accustomed to it by degrees. I don't believe, my poor Nannie—"

At this instant the sounds of eight horses' feet upon the road-way in front of the cottage burst in at the window. Then there was a great reining-up, and a great prancing and snorting and jingling of silver harness-bells, intermingled with the high notes of female imperiousness, "Hi Pip! hi Pop! Ai, I say!" Then, "Mrs. Tom Townsend! Mrs. Tom! Polly!"

"It's Susie Staats! All on fire, as usual! Sit still, Nannie, please. She won't get out." She opened the shades.

"Oh, there you are Polly, aren't you?"

"Yes, Miss Noise, here I am. Aren't you coming in?"

"Dear, no! Pip be quiet! I just come up, Polly, about the regatta to-morrow. Clary has got passes for the judge's boat, and won't you and Tom go aboard with ma and me? I know you won't feel like cruising. Say yes."

"Yes; and many thanks."

"Good! D'ye know I've been to see the Cup—the Van Schoonhoven, you know? It's a beauty! All satin-work and bright lights. The Petrel's going to win it this year, because Clary has had a new—but that's a secret. I do so want him to get it away from George! I suppose it would make Nannie horribly—Keep still Pop, I'll kill him!" She made a dash at a fly upon her pony's flank, but, as most flies do under like circumstances, it flew off intact. "I never saw them so thick as they are this year. P-o-o-r Pip! P-o-o-Pop! Whoa! Hi! O Polly, they're such vexatious delights! They will go, you see. Regatta will be early! We'll paddle off to the judge's boat at nine o'clock from Clary's pier! By-by!"

And with her ribboned whip properly crossed, and with her arms squared and her eyes to the front, she vanished amid a flourish of wheels. The lady looked around laughing.

But she was alone—Miss Nannie had fled secretly.

Before the day was much older, and before his wife had had an opportunity to explain to him the case we wot of, Mr. Tom Townsend strolled out with his cigar. He took his way down to the water-side for the purpose of picking up some more yacht-gossip against the morrow. Although he did not own a yacht, he had great regard for those who did.

He reached the edge of the cliff, and looked down upon the water and the vessels. The squadron was assembled, and most of it lay at anchor. A few craft were sailing about upon the glittering blue, and the horizon was dotted with them. The sun was bright, the breeze was fresh and cool, and from the boats below there came the fitful sounds of preparation—the rattle of ropes, the fall of blocks, the voices of men, and the clanking of chains.

There was a man sitting upon a bench under the one spruce-tree that the cliff afforded. He was also looking down. He was brown, powerful, and, at the moment, thoughtful.

"Halloa, George!"

He looked around.

"Halloa, Tom!" They shook hands, and then both were silent for an instant. Townsend trifled with his cigar, and the other became abstracted.

"Have just heard about it, George." (He said this on the strength of Miss Nannie's first exclamation.)

"Heard about what?"

"Oh, it!"

"Oh, yes!" George moved restlessly, and took off his hat and fanned himself once or twice. Then he put it on again. "I didn't think it had flown so far quite yet."

"Oh, Polly and I are the only ones that know it. I—upon my word—I'm sorry, George."

They both looked off upon the sea. Its low roar filled up the interval.

"Yes—yes," cried the yachtman, "it's pretty rough. I acted like a brute, I suppose. But she rather took me by surprise, and I—well—I don't know."

"How did it come about?"

"Why, you see, I've been making a great deal of a fool of myself, during the last three years, about boating. It's rather laid hold upon me, and so Nannie there took it into her head that I ought to be doing something worth a little more to the world in general; though I am not sure that one can study or work to much profit in June, July, and August."

"Well?"

"Well, and she brought me to the point at once, and asked me to give up to-morrow's race. Pardon me if I say that that was a settler. I especially wanted to sail that race. Vedder has got a long main-boom for his Petrel, and he expects to beat me. Then, I wanted to keep the Van Schoonhoven Cup. Then, speaking generally, I love the sea, and all that belongs to it. You know that I have a great interest in the club, and all that belongs to it; the interest of a father, I may say. Then, you see that it came to be somewhat of a trial to give it up."

"These little girls are pretty long-headed sometimes, George," observed the other.

"Oh, I know it—I know it. I've suffered myself to boat so much that I've come to consider it a right and a necessity, I suppose."

"You used to do a little writing and a little speaking, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, and Nannie remembers it, no doubt. Perhaps she's ambitious. She wants to marry a fellow who has, or will have, his say in affairs. Perhaps she can't see much hope of this while he does nothing but desire and scheme to beat a lot of other yachts with his own. No doubt she's been fretting her life away ever since you've been in love with her; but it is only now that the idea has burst out."

"By Jove! I shouldn't wonder if that were true."

There's no particular glory to be got by lying under the weather-rail of a schooner while her sailing-master has her canvasses pulled here and there so that he may get over the water faster than some other sailing-master, eh?"

"Well, no."

"Give it up, George."

"Oh, I have."

"You have?"

"Oh, yes. You know that old Fonder has been at me for a year to sell him the Daphne, and he teased me again yesterday. I had little thought of doing it until Nannie spoke up; but she was so clear about it, and had it so much at hand, that there was no ground left for me to stand upon. Upon my word, I feel guilty at even sitting here and staring at the boats. I suppose I ought to be looking after my elocution at this very moment."

"Do you mean to say that you're going to sell your yacht to Fonder?"

"Exactly that. And right off." He arose to his feet. "Come, go over with me. We'll find him at his cottage at this hour."

"But what's the haste?"

"Oh, he wants to sail her himself in to-morrow's race. He'll take her, so I'm told, just as she is, crew and all. There will be nothing to do but to make a sort of verbal transfer, and the thing is done."

"But the Van Schoon—"

"Don't, man, don't! I'm in a fever of virtue. Let it take its course."

They accordingly went to search for Fonder; and, when they discovered him, the owner of the Daphne entered into a negotiation without preface, while his friend stood at a distance, smoking. The talk was brief. The whilom yachtman came out again, in a few minutes, bearing himself as one might who had endured the rack with honor.

"Well?" asked the friend.

"It's done. He's agreed to take the craft, if she's all I represented her, and he will sail her to-morrow in his own name. Ah, Tom, my heart has had a twist. I can't stay here to see the sacrifice. It would madden me to watch the Daphne come in a second or a third, and Fonder is sure to make her do the one thing or the other. I'm going to drive off into the country till it's all over. Come with me, won't you?"

"Oh, I can't; I'm married, you know."

"Ah, yes—that's true; I forgot it for the moment."

"But Nannie!"

"Nannie? Well, you can tell her, if you like.—No; wait.—On the whole, I think I'll let her find it out by accident. If I should send her the story of my conversion, it will look a little like an act of the good fox of the fable. A weak child of luxury cannot, with a good grace, suddenly declare himself to be a giant of virtue to one who has always been a giantess. She has long been above me, Tom, and I hope that a night of meditation will put me into a fit state for presentation to her to-morrow. Good-by."

He disappeared. Mr. Townsend went home and told his wife that there was heroism in the world.

At dusk, Miss Nannie sat alone in her garden, with her plaid drawn up about her shoulders and neck. Her head hung down, and she wept in silence. This sense of desertion and solitude was new to her. In the daytime the gay sunlight had furnished her with distractions; but now she was in the dark, listening to the dreary roar of the waters, and the still more dreary murmurs and upbraidings of her heart.

At nine o'clock, a man appeared before her; it seemed as if he shot up from out the ground.

There was a shriek. But it was nobody but the Daphne's sailing-master. He was in search of the owner. Miss Nannie replied that she did not know where he was. The man made a gesture of surprise, which did not escape the young lady's notice. He intimated that he had come here, because he had been successful in all previous searches. This was innocent on his part, but Miss Nannie blushed red in the dark. The sailor was about to retire, when Miss Nannie asked him what his errand was.

This led to telling her of the attempted transfer of the yacht to Mr. Fonder.

Miss Nannie sprang to her feet.

"But, Mr. Fonder, mem, won't take the boat, nor have any thing to do with her, because four of the men have gone off into town, and there ben't enough left to sail her to-morrow."

Miss Nannie, excited beyond measure, fired half a dozen questions straight into the matter.

Then did the yacht still belong to its old owner? Yes. Was it certain that he could be found in time to rectify matters? The captain shook his head. Then, unless the men were secured and brought back, the race would be lost? Emphatically, yes. Where were the men, in all likelihood? In some of the liquor-shops of the town. Were there many of these places? About five hundred. Would the captain assist her to find the run-aways? (With admiration) Yes!

To this pass, then, had she come? In a manner infused with iron, she ordered out her coachman, and then her pony-phacton and a light spring-wagon; then she ordered the coachman into the latter, and bade him follow, when she and the captain led in the other vehicle.

Thus arranged, the party began a search

for the recreants. They descended into the lowermost and the vilest parts of the adjacent city, and Miss Nannie, with her skirts gathered in front of her, pushed, without the smallest hint of recoil, into all the dens that she saw. When she appeared, bawling ceased, men put down their liquor, and the proprietors advanced and asked respectfully what she wanted. The first of the crew that she saw was lying like a log upon the floor of a foul back-parlor. The captain and the coachman took him by the heels and shoulders and placed him in the wagon. Miss Nannie redeemed his cap for a dollar (he had pawned it to the bar-keeper for ten cents worth of some terrible drink), and then she drove on to the next place, four doors off. The next sailor with the Daphne's uniform was about engaging in a fight. He had already been knocked down, and was covered with blood. He drooped instantly as Miss Nannie pointed him out with her whip, and the ring scattered silently. This capture staggered to the wagon of his own accord. Then the Lunt went on till midnight. At that hour all the bars were closed, and there yet remained quite a hundred unsearched. Despair! They paused in the dark and deserted street. The coachman was surly, and it began to rain. Suddenly the fighting sailor (probably grateful at his salvation from a thrashing) suggested, "Station-house, mum."

They drove there in a hurry. Law had seized upon fifty individuals. Miss Nannie, with her head swimming with sickness, descended with the captain to the gas-lit crypts and searched the motley and noisome crowd. The two sailors were there. They were in a drunken sleep, and they were lifted bodily and taken to the wagon, where they rolled and groaned with the other two.

Thus triumphant, the *cortège* returned to the neighborhood of the beach and the boats. The captain's yawl lay beside a pier, and into it two of the sailors were lifted. The captain rowed them off to the yacht, whose light was to be seen in the distance. In twenty minutes he came back again. Then the remaining two were deposited in the boat. Miss Nannie then climbed down into the stern-sheets. The coachman and the captain wondered. She addressed the first: "Drive home and say that I shall sleep on the Daphne to-night." Then she addressed the second: "I am going to make sure that no other mishaps occur. Give 'way, please, I've got the tiller-ropes."

All that night she sat Argus-eyed upon the damp deck, careless alike of the fog and the land-swell. She fondly believed that she was preventing mischief. She did not sigh or nod, but at every creak of the cordage, or flicker of the lantern over her head, she started up to look. She would not have known it if the yacht were sinking, or drifting ashore, but it pleased her to watch all the same. She often half wished that George would row up and catch her sitting there, and she flouted the ignoble desire only to make room for it to return again. She was full of heroics. Her courage swelled with every one of the dismal hours. She was a changed woman, so she decided. Her little burst of energy had filled her with valor. What could she

not do! She ignored her speeches of the morning, and thought Polly had been sillily soft with her.

But where was George?

Supreme anxiety, and a sense of supreme worth, exercised her spirit, and she longed for daylight, in order that she might "do."

At meridian, or thereabouts, on the next day, the great race of 1873 was coming home with a northeast breeze, and all Springtide was mad. The hills were covered with throngs of gazers, and the waters were packed with boats and barges, which were packed in their turn with ladies and the critics who did not yacht. The wide blue course was clear, and the judges' sloop alone seemed to block the way.

The six racers were bearing straight down, two miles off. Artillery boomed, bands brayed, and the throngs on the outermost highlands began to break up, and to stream toward the goal in order to see the finish.

Like great Damon, hard upon the moment, a wherry dashed out from the shore and made for the judges' boat in spite of the cries and commands of the water-police.

Townsend and his fevered, sweet companions saw it.

"Hurrah! Here's George!"

Twenty hands were stretched out to help him up. In light of the whispers which, since daylight, had been circling about the town concerning the Daphne, and Miss Nannie, and himself, he was the incarnate mystery. He was in a blaze of excitement. He took Townsend's arm. "How could I help coming back, Tom? I smelled the easterly wind from the ocean twenty miles in the country, and I turned my horse around directly. Look at that, sir!" (He pointed to the race.) "Who says that is unworthy of manly admiration!" He put a number of rapid questions. Tom professed great ignorance. All that he found out at the moment was that all the yachts, the Daphne and the Petrel among them, had sailed as had been intended.

"Where's Nannie? Quick! Here?"

"No. Probably in agony somewhere."

"O Tom, Tom, just look at that sight. Devour it with your eyes. You'll never see it's like again! Six clouds racing! Why could not Nannie find pleasure in such a scene? Hasn't she a soul? By Jove, the Daphne leads! Aft with your main-sheet, master! Why—why—in the name of mercy doesn't he haul aft his main-sheet? He's doing it! he's doing it! Now your jibs! your jibs! Oh, why am I here? Fonder gets the cup!"

The boats came on. The air was alive with cries and screams, and the trumpets and guns made more noise than ever.

The Daphne was first, the Petrel second, and all the others everywhere behind. The great schooner, rising and plunging in the green sea, hugged close to the wind, and covered her decks with spray. From her immense canvases, towering and swelling in the air, there came a deep roar, and her dizzy mast-heads cut huge wild circles against the azure sky. Her black and glittering bow turned an emerald furrow, and behind her

there boiled a caldron of foam. She was a million times a swan. She fled like a frightened fish, and it seemed as if she were about to rise into the air.

She approached the home-buoy.

George felt himself cast into the dust.

"I didn't think she'd do that for any other man but me; but, like all her sex—ah, what a pace that is! look at those sails swell! hear the masts crack! and see the mist about her bows! If Nannie were here, Tom, I believe—by gracious, there's a woman aboard! A woman, if you'll believe it, aboard a racing-yacht! Fonder's sister, I suppose. I"—at this instant the Daphne shot past the judges, at the distance of three hundred feet, and a prolonged cheer rolled down from the hill-sides, and a *feu de joie* burst from the guns upon the beach. Flags dipped, fleets of gulls put out, and sounds of applause arose from all quarters.

The Daphne rounded-to, and the peaks of her sails dropped with a rattle. The yachtman, oppressed with a load of sorrows, stared gloomily. It seemed as if the lamp of his happiness had gone out. He could not cheer; he could not be glad; true, his yacht had won, but yet she had won for another man. His occupation was gone. He was no longer a sailor. He was a bookworm.

He cast an alien's glance once more upon his unrivaled boat. He gave a violent start. Then, with a single bound, he threw himself headlong into his yawl, and, shipping the oars like lightning, was off for his yacht. He saw Tom and bawled:

"That is not Fonder's sister. It's Nannie!"

Townsend laughed, and called Polly to look at the flying hero.

Nannie was waiting for him, blushing like a rose. He leaped aboard, and, speechlessly seizing her hands, drew her to the other side of the main-sail, and there embraced her privately.

He stammered through two or three explanations, and she, with scant articulation, detailed the default of Fonder, and her search for the drunken sailors, and her usurpation in "y—your" absence of the command of the Daphne. It was therefore clear to the yachtman that the boat was still his, and that the Van Schoonhoven Cup was still his, and that the loveliest of all women was still his.

He was overcome by this cloying flood, and was helpless. He could only sigh and look into her eyes.

"O George, that I should ever have thought that you were doing wrong!" she faltered; "that I should ever have been your critic. Ah, Polly made me so ashamed, so sorry—so very sorry. I was very much crushed, George; I—I longed to find you; I hoped that you would come so that I might say that we must be to each other as we were before. I didn't know how much you were to me. I thought for a little while that we could separate as strangers separate; but ah, that dreadful loneliness that came over me! All was so black—so wretched! But" (here she put a little more silver into her tone), "just at the worst of it, the sailing-master came with his doleful story. And—but you know the rest, George. Ah, who could have been gladder

than I was this morning when we forged past the Petrel, just after we rounded the red buoy, and started down through the Old Channel! I was a little ill, I think, at first; the captain said I looked white just when she struck the swells in the open—and—and I guess being sick made me a little clearer-headed, George. Perhaps we can yacht for three months and be great in the other nine, can't we? Speak—can't we? And you'll forgive my being, for just once, a little, a very little harum-scarum, won't you?"

George bloomed.

ALBERT WEBSTER, JR.

PEBBLES FROM NAHANT.

I.

TO any one who has never voyaged down Boston Harbor the first trip to Nahant is not without some pleasant sense of adventure. There is always something agreeably experimental in a movement over the water which we do not get upon the land. In a railroad train or a carriage we feel ourselves restricted to a distinctly-defined track laid out for our vehicle; and even walking—though we cut across fields and through forests—has not this especial pleasure of pathlessness which one finds on new seas, as I make bold, in this instance, to call even so well-known an expanse of salt-water as Boston Harbor. Not that one is really more at liberty to choose his course, regardless of possible inconvenience, on the water than on land; but to us who sit innocently on the passenger-deck, amusing ourselves, while some brown-faced Ulysses whirled his guiding-wheel in the little steering-room overhead, there is a grand consciousness of option as to our direction, and a certain hush of discovery in the air, as we softly crush the many-islanded water with our gliding prow, winding our way to the harbor-bar and the ocean.

The afternoon on which we first took ship for the charming peninsular resort of which it is here designed to speak, was a beautiful and warm and hazy one of late July. As we steamed away from the city, the exquisite mist made pictures of the great, irregular masses of masonry, and the clustering ships and steamers behind us, which a painter, gifted with the inspiration for making homely material illustrious by a sincere rendering upon canvas, need not have scorned for remoter scenes of greater conventional value. In particular, South Boston had been involved in the more than pearly softness of the atmosphere, until, with its rising bank of buildings looming behind the veil, and shooting out here and there a sharp glitter from some roof of tin or alate, that gave it also something of diamond lustre, it suggested those opulent structures which children make when they exhaust the resources of pipe and suds in filling the bowl with crowded and topping domes of ambitious bubbles. It was, for the time, a city of cloud and splintered sunlight. Then we passed an island furrowed and heaped with earthworks, and with not a tree upon it, though of large extent; yet the mist had added to its thin turf a verdancy that

screened its real barrenness. And, on the other side, a little farther on, a lower and smaller island stretched out, for our enjoyment, a bank of rich earthy color, with one bright, sandy blot of fractured cliff in the middle, and on the summit a few trees in *silhouettes* against the distant gray. To the southward the haze grew heavier, and through it we descried, at a good height above the water-level, the cantle of a steady-sail on some smart-rigged yacht, which gleamed out of the fog with an ethereal grace difficult to convey.

"How strange that, under that sail, so unreal and disconnected, there are some other people like ourselves!" one exclaimed.

And, indeed, it seemed spectral enough to have stood above the Flying Dutchman's bark itself; and, if it had not been that the Carmilhan had no sails, we might have supposed it to be that phantom-ship which Longfellow has made to scud before a blast of breezy verses, availing itself of this doubtful, dreamy day to take a cruise in the neighborhood of the poet's summer dwelling at Nahant. But, unfortunately, even had we been able to account for the appearance of a sail above it, the vessel was evidently heading away from the objective point of our own craft. And surely it was romantic enough in itself to serve very well, without extraneous associations. Every thing—even the most prosaic objects—took on an ideal aspect that afternoon. And the massive House of Correction, on Deer Island, as we passed the Narrows into the sea, and looked back, had caught the same impartial glory of dimness and remoteness which suffused and softened all solid bodies at but a little distance from us.

From the Narrows and Point Winthrop one must cross at its greatest width a long inlet of the sea; and this was the only part of our trip which at all resembled ocean-voyaging. Our little steamer improved the opportunity to the utmost, however, and her motion became exceedingly vigorous and bounding. And, although the sea was by no means rough, some of the pleasure-seekers on board looked a little strange and unaccountable, and asked each other, with singular interest, whether the motion affected them unpleasantly. The restorative breeze which we encountered on the way was welcome enough; but so, also, was the landing, when it came. And we debarked with renewed curiosity on seeing how unique was the little village of villas which formed our destination, heaped picturesquely upon the rounding back and rocky points of this providential little peninsula of Nahant.

An oddly-mixed company it was which had assembled upon our boat, and it included several gentlemen with remarkably full-blown waistcoats, and faces deep dyed with bounteous dining and drinking, and exposure to the quick sun of suburban watering-places. It may have been some timid desire to go where these people would not go that led us to select a wagon bound for a certain R—House, and which did not seem to be in favor with the majority of the passengers, who mostly clambered into vehicles going to Maolis Gardens. It is rather noteworthy that one sometimes feels greater trepidation in arriving at a little

resort of this kind near home than he would have in entering a far-off foreign city; owing to the fact that, in our own country, we are proudly independent of guide-books, though conscious that we ought to be perfectly self-possessed and clear as to what we are going to do; while abroad we descend easily to our true level of ignorance, and proceed systematically to instruct ourselves. But, whatever the ultimate reason of the matter may have been, it is enough that, leaving the other roomy omnibuses, with their skeleton sides, and heavy roofs, and brightly-painted exteriors, to cross the hill directly to the more northern and wind-cooled slope, we were borne off alone in a direction diametrically opposed to that which would have led to the real sea-side.

"Where are these Maolis Gardens?" I asked of our driver.

He explained, and, extracting from one of the party that it was our first visit to the neighborhood, proceeded to slander the gardens very much. I remembered reading an advertisement of "unrivaled fish-dinners" to be obtained there, and also having myself had a secret, if vulgar, longing to consume one of the specified repasts; so that his contumelies were not altogether welcome. But presently we arrived at our hotel, and the source of his detraction was at once revealed. After a journey of something near two hours from Boston, we found ourselves, through this irresponsible creature's agency, deposited in front of a bald, white edifice, carefully screened from the sea, where we could get not even a gasp of freshening air, and at least a mile away from the chief congregation of houses, which indicated the better part of the peninsula. The significance of the popular tide toward Maolis Gardens was now plain. We had never, we thought, assisted at a swindle more cheerfully unnecessary, more boldly gratuitous than this. However, it had the effect of putting us completely at our ease; for now, instead of being overawed by the strangeness of the locality, we had found a weak spot in its armor, and had obtained, so to speak, a key to the position.

Leaving this melancholy triumph of human ingenuity—the R—House—we strayed across the neck of the peninsula, and came upon a long, curving beach of great perfection, from which we could look directly out into the illimitable blue of the Atlantic. I can think of nothing better, on such an afternoon, than to loiter there an hour two upon Lynn Beach (as, I believe, it is called), looking over the breezy bay formed by the rock-bound and grassy-topped promontories of Great and Little Nahant stretching away to eastward, and with the gray-and-yellow mass of Egg Rock directly in the centre of the picture, three miles away, let us say. The humble necessities of household-life, too, contributed a pretty feature to the scene; for it was a Monday, and, in that lazy, color-loving mood which seizes upon one in such surroundings, it was no little gratification to see a fluttering crowd of white garments, fresh from washing, hung out upon a green height to our left. So excellent and inexpensive, indeed, was the effect of this contrasted opacous light in the midst of earthy umbers

and neutral tints that, were I to possess a villa in this neighborhood, I should esteem it a duty to distribute the washing of the family in such a manner as to afford this spectacle several times during the week. The reader may smile. But the value of so simple an element even as new-washed linen strung upon a clothes-line, in the production of the picturesque, is by no means so well understood as it should be. It is of kin with old garments grown romantic through age and association, and with Roman dirt. But, being also much more cleanly than these, it should more easily recommend itself to a people whose instinct for spruceness and neatness prejudices it in general against aught of the picturesque involving shabbiness.

But we had no great time to spend upon the beach, and so rambled on into the streets upon the hill, noting the houses as we passed. And the houses of Nahant are for the most part very delightful edifices. The villas are, in the majority of cases, supplied with roofs of a dark-crimson tint, which gives them a quaint and comfortable appearance; and there is really a surprising variety in their design, with, at the same time, scarcely any extravagance of fashion in the search for this variety. There is, consequently, an artistic perfection about the whole place, aside from its natural fascination. We did not, however, go far, on the occasion of this our first visit, nor did we see the best part of the place, but returned presently to the steamboat-landing, there to wait half an hour or so for the departure of our vessel for Boston again. On the wharf stood a spacious canvas shed, which gave the landing a festal appearance, but which was in reality a very hot sitting-room. We therefore disposed ourselves on certain blocks of wood lying about the exposed part of the landing-stage; and, though the sun shone unmitigatedly there, we found ourselves fanned by a sea-breeze that swept in with as much vigor as at any point we had reached in our ramble. There we remained, then, looking upon the little crowd of villas prettily perched upon the irregularly-heaving bank of the hill-side; and, although we constantly broke a very important injunction, by coveting for ourselves some one of these idyllic nests of summer, we were forced to admit that the hospitality of Nahant was, after all, of the most perfect type, since it permitted us, its guests, to come and go as we liked, and to do precisely what we pleased while there. And we had found happiness on a wharf—content with some old lumber baking in the sun, and a reinvigorating wind of saline savor pouring over us!

II.

THE next time we went we were enabled, by our previous brief experience, and by taking an earlier boat, to see more of the place. The day was clearer and cooler, and the whole order of terraqueous effects was different from that of the former misty day of adventure. On arriving at Nahant, we followed a nearly straight line across the hilly neck of land, at a point about midway of its length, and came out at once on a lofty bluff, where a broad drive-way skirted tangentially a receding semicircle in the high land, caused

by the presence of a graceful bay at this point, the shore of which, below us, consisted, at the inmost part of the curve, of an even, gravelly beach, on which stood a small settlement of bathing-houses. Descending, at one end of this beach, the high, sandy bank, overgrown with fragrant sweet-bay or sea-laurel, whichever it be, we walked its length, and found a nook among the rocks at the other end, apt to our purpose of luncheon. These rocks were worn into an infinity of indescribable grooves and tiny hollows by the action of the tides; and, where we finally deposited ourselves, in a deep cavity, with gravelly bottom left dry by the ebb, we could look seaward through a natural arch tunneled under a heavy wall of rock, and terminating at top in a fantastic flame-point, unsurpassed, I am sure, in any Gothic structure where flame-point arches may be found. Egg Rock again formed the central point in this vista, and now and then a white sail would career briefly across the little strip of blue that lay within our range. Through the dank, arched tunnel the waves would wallow and roll inward, sliding nearly up to our feet; so that we at once made the sea our wine-cooler, and set firmly among the stones our bottles of—but stay, was it actually wine, or merely innocuous sarsaparilla-beer and lemon-soda, purchased at a risk for a few cents, in a Boston by-street? This point, however, is immaterial. Whatever the beverage, the sea lapped diligently at and around the bottles containing it, with its cool, thin surfaces of prismatic cut, and so, in its unrelaxing and inevitable way, assisted at our little itinerant banquet. This finished, we went out upon the easternmost horn of the shore, inclosing the crescent curve of that lovely bay, and there, amid a heap of jagged and corrugated rocks, which sloped or plunged into deep water on either hand, we lay for a time in listless leisure. At first, I could not study enough the changing tints of metallic lustre which were thrown up through the translucent water, wherever a sunbeam happened to have pierced the flat side-surface of a wave, and to have struck bottom on some mossy rock, or bright green garland of swaying sea-weed; nor did the eye dwell with less enjoyment on the rich, stony blush of the rock, where it rose up first from the water, letting its drapery of sea-weed fall, and ascended into peaks and slabs of a cooler and sadder color. The land on the west of the bay was higher than the rocks on which we reposed, but for the most part grassy and bare, save close to the sea, where it fell into disorganized boulders. At the root of this prominence stood a house, fashioned somewhat after the model of a Greek temple; and, as we took in this building, against a noonday sky of soft rosininess and gold, wrought into the most exquisite gradations by the glowing heat of the hour—at the same time sweeping our eyes over the remainder of the landscape, the fading hills of the northward coast-line, the deep indigo sea, and Egg Rock, crowned by a lime-white edifice—it was difficult to imagine any thing more completely accordant with one's ideal of scenery on the shores of Southern Italy or of Greece.

Still another bay encroached upon the land on our right, and, looking across it at

the next headland, which formed the final projection of the entire peninsula, we beheld suddenly a tall, dark sail, and the upper part of a mast, gliding slowly along, as it were, on the brow of the hill, and passing houses and trees as smoothly and naturally as if it were coursing over a turnpike among them. There is an inexpressible charm about such a sight as this, arising from the happy conspiracy of contiguous land and sea; and Nahant, perhaps by reason of its miniature proportions, as well as by its bold jutting out into the main, is especially rich in similar effects. But we could not long remain idle in the rugged and rocky vantage-ground we had occupied. We were bent upon effecting, during the day, a complete tour of the region round about, and therefore presently fared on farther.

Our walk around the extreme point of Nahant might well be divided into stages, estimated as from one beautiful house to another; for it was a succession of renewed pleasures, arising from the delicate taste for good design manifest in these dwellings, as well as from their extremely comfortable aspect. A favorite fancy with the builders appeared to be that of introducing, as supports for their piazza-roofs, stripped and seasoned cedar-trunks, with branches cut a foot or two from the joint, and so allowed to project in a bristling manner at intervals of the pillar's length. No house was without its encircling veranda, protected generally by a sloping roof, and often thickly hung at the sides with abundant tapestries of vine-leaves. One—the most princely in the neighborhood—not only was surrounded in this way, by a piazza on the ground-level, but rejoiced also in a second covered gallery, at the height of the first tier of windows, and surmounted by an incalculable number of deep-red gables and peaks, among which a picturesque chimney of variegated *terra-cotta* would tower up here and there. In the wall of the third story wood-work was let in with a captivating effect of quaintness, and the verandas themselves were triumphs of grace and lightness in construction. I know not what it may be to live in such a house; but it is hard to believe that people who find themselves domiciled amid so much elegance and rarity of architecture should not feel all the more deeply the wonder and beauty of their own more directly inspired being. The danger is, no doubt, that the nicety of care which they learn to have for their own persons, housed in so highly-wrought a shell, may become excessive, and render them unfit for the ordinary rough encounters of life. But, at least, many of the finer qualities of our nature can be developed to the best advantage in surroundings like these. A sort of celestial exotics deposited in this human dust, they demand the fostering influence of an æsthetic conservatory. And even if the possession or beneficial use of these nurseries of finer humanity be not always distributed with entire fitness, even although the dainty appliances are sometimes brought to bear upon those who will profit but little from them, we may still be certain that, were the world a little more plentifully provided with dwellings so tastefully carried out as the majority at Nahant, the haunts of men would not long remain so discordant

with natural beauty as they are now apt to be.

Of course, we selected freely from this large assortment of pleasant homes those which we should especially prefer for ourselves. But this mode of residence by proxy proved inconvenient, for we had no sooner fixed upon the final perfection of a house, beyond which we would not let our desires roam, than we would come to a hitherto unsuspected masterpiece of domestic architecture, which obliged us at once to reverse the former decision. This occurred several times, and necessitated so many moves from one household to another, that we finally relinquished all notion of permanently settling at Nahant, at least for that day. There remains, however, in my memory, one little house with which, above all others, I should certainly have desired to satisfy my modest cupidity in this sort, had it not been for a circumstance presently to be detailed. This was a small, stone cottage, of plain contour, having a simple pitch-roof, with a pair of grave dormer-windows in front, and another pair on each side. The whole was of a studious cast, and dreamy gray color. But the veranda was overgrown by a rioting wilderness of woodbine, that presented outwardly uncounted gradings of green from dark to light, and so protected the gallery within that only sunbeams enough fell upon the piazza-floor to bring into due relief the profound and sombre coolness of the exquisite retreat. A tiny grove of trees, with bending trunks and breezy boughs, protected the house on the east; and through these led the path from gate to door. On either side of the door one caught a glimpse of a large Chinese jar of pale-blue white, embossed with undulatory lines of a pattern in deep marine-blue. A garden, dark with abundant box, in hedges, lay on the northern side of the dwelling, overcame, at that hour, with sunlight, and connecting through a bowery arch with the northward flank of the house, which, as I have intimated, was matted with luxuriant vines. While we stood spell-bound, contemplating this concentrated scene of repose and peace, we heard, issuing from somewhere amid the umbrage of the green-hung gallery, the cool, delicious note of some outlandish bird cooing, caged in that trance of solitude in which the place seemed to be sunk. A few steps hence, we came to the Swallow's Cave, at the bottom of a high rock looking off toward the south—toward the distant, misty stretch of Cape Cod, and the faint, murky air that lingered over Boston, far away. There were no swallows in the cave when we saw it; but only a bevy of bright young ladies, with a youthful painter in the midst of them, striving to impress upon his sketch-book some one of the fleeting sea-effects before him.

But when, a little later, we had embarked upon a small sloop in order to sail to Egg Rock, and as we skirted along this self-same portion of the shore, getting a new view of it from the sea, I ventured to ask our steersman about one or two of the villas that interested us. He told us the names of the owners—names of wealthy people, no doubt, but sufficiently commonplace; and all the glamour of those summer-palaces seemed in a

moment strangely dimmed. The imagination could no longer make playmates of them, unfettered; they had become mere dry items of property—and somebody else's property! It was clear that, until now, half the pleasure of our wanderings had been that of a magic uncertainty as to our surroundings. The villas we saw had been little more than air-castles until we attached to them the names of owners, and then they shrank coldly into simple wood and stone, alien to our fanciful sympathies.

"Happy are the people who dwell at Nahant," we felt tempted to exclaim; "but still happier are we, who can enjoy all the beauty and rest of the place at a less expense than they, and without the loss of this remoteness of unfamiliarity which adds to it a charm perhaps rarer than all its intrinsic values."

And every thing like envy now fell away from our minds. But, by reason of this discovery, we forbore to ask concerning the little dreamy, gray cottage of stone; nor have I too strong a desire ever to behold it again.

But our thoughts were presently diverted to a peculiar conformation in the eastern rock-face of the promontory which we were now passing. A little amphitheatre had in some way been worn into the side of the cliff at this point, and in the arena arose a rock of singular shape, which jutted out over the waves at its base in such a way as to make easily comprehensible its name of Pulpit Rock. Two odd protuberances, on the summit also, had much the same effect as a pair of those mysterious gas-shades might have, under cover of which divines are wont to throw a private light on their sermons, denied to those who sit below in the capacity of auditors.

"Ah, what a fine thing it would be if some one were actually to preach a sermon there!" exclaimed one of our party, in an enthusiastic strain.

There certainly would be advantages about such a service. A popular preacher, adored by his congregation, could not practise upon himself a sterner, and, in some ways, more salubrious discipline than to make the attempt suggested; for in these surroundings he could scarcely fail of feeling to the utmost his own comparative insignificance—a tonic-bitter, which it is well for all successful people to taste occasionally. In another way than Demosthenes the preacher might perhaps profit equally with the old orator—by a competition with the infinite utterances of the impersonal ocean. It were not wise, perhaps, to install any one here for the entire summer; but no doubt we all get tired, now and then, of even our best-beloved teachers of religion, and Pulpit Rock—if the notion once gained ground, and provided the use of it could be obtained for religious purposes—might become popular with congregations as a source of profitable exchange. As for the audience who should assemble here for outdoor worship, they would probably be in boats, since the pulpit faces seaward, and not toward the little amphitheatre in the cliff. But this feature would also have its advantages; for if any among the hearers should find himself not in unison with the preacher he could withdraw with entire ease to him-

self and to those who should remain. This possibility we demonstrated by gliding off quietly out of sight on our way to Egg Rock.

This island, already often named in the preceding paragraphs, is a heap of ragged stone, rising from the sea with something the outline a gigantic egg might present if lying half submerged in the water, and distant northward from Great Nahant perhaps two miles or more. On the highest point is perched a whitewashed house of stone, with a little cupola looking seaward, in which is placed the light that warns mariners of the jagged comb of rock that slopes eastward, terminating in a reef far down below it. A long succession of steps leads from the light-house along the middle of the ridge, and down to the water's edge on the inland side, where the boat is swung which enables the keeper to communicate with the main-land. These steps are provided everywhere with a railing, suggestive of perilous passage in winter, or on days of stormy wind, when to walk along this bleak and exposed summit must be no slight matter.

The water works against the rocky base of the island with a treacherous swell, the undertow of which, the boatman told us, was very likely to prove fatal to any one who should attempt to land without knowledge of it, and the skill to avoid capsizing his boat. Only two persons dwelt in the house above—the keeper and his wife; and there was a romantic loneliness about the place which inclined us to extract from our sailor some dark, adventurous tale in connection with it. But he had no more pathetic reminiscence to offer than that a lady—"n invalid," who "hadn't seen a well day for three years"—had procured board at the light-house for several weeks during the previous summer. This lady he had again seen recently, and she had told him—to quote the young tar's language once more—that "she hadn't known a sick day" since that period. And this was the last of our achievements at Nahant. Landing again, after two hours of sailing around the rock and back, we strolled along the northern shore by Maolis Gardens, with its tawdry temple of stone and wood and gilding, its whirligigs, and rusty tables for refreshments, and its swarm of babbling pleasure-seekers, we caught an omnibus at Lynn Beach, and drove to Lynn itself, a few miles distant, where we took the rail homeward.

If there is any distinct inference to be drawn from this little tale of a day's trifling, it is that people may be very happy, for a brief space, at the sea-side, without owning a luxurious villa or embarking a fortune in a pleasure-yacht. But it was not with any moral purpose that the writer set out to pen the foregoing matter. At the sea-shore one finds a great many beautiful stones lying about the beaches, and some plain white, but round and smooth, and well suited for making a little sketch upon. There is a very general propensity among human beings to pick up and carry away these pebbles, though often without any definite aim in so doing. The reader, then, must kindly imagine these memories of two trips to Nahant to have been idly reproduced on a pair of similar smooth stones picked up on the beach there. They

have not the liquid depth of the polished agate, very likely; they do not lay claim to the original beauty and added skill of cameo carvings; they are only common pebbles. But they may serve well enough for little mementos; and, if not, then, good reader, cast them away again for the next loiterer, in his turn to find and amuse himself with.

G. P. LATHEOP.

A JAUNT IN THE SOUTH.

II.

THE travelers left Charleston for Andersonville (or perhaps Anderson), Georgia, on one of the brightest days. Supposing that there is no immediate misery in regard to other matters, a journey through a fresh scene on a good railway, on a clear morning, is one of the good points in life. Theodosia had been afraid that the journey would be made miserable by accidents and mean cars. Her idea of Southern roads was the common one. She looked for wooden rails, rusty engines, dusty seats, and perpetual disasters of all kinds.

But she had forgotten Thomas Scott. There was a very fine road, very fine passenger conveniences, and a creditable service. That great man had provided, among other comfortable things, rugs and brown cuspadors at each seat, a linen cover for each cushion, a tall tin reservoir of ice-water at either end of each car, and a handsome mulatto stewardess with barbaric gold hoops in her ears. Who would care for monopoly, watered stock, and high freight, when such things are? No one.

The first thing you notice when you get out of Charleston is a special display of providential management. You find yourself riding through a country whose soil is composed largely of phosphates. It is only lately that the valuable fertilizer has been appreciated. At the close of the war the South was full of farms whose lands had been impoverished by reckless tillage; and this, *plus* the disorganized system of labor, seemed to put a dark face upon matters. Just at this time, in 1865, a poor but intelligent Northerner picked up from the ground hereabouts a few of the stones. He recognized their quality. He looked further. He was astonished to find that the ground was composed of the most valuable and the most simply prepared of all earth-fertilizers. He hastened to form a company to work the material into marketable shape. He was balked and disappointed at first, such as all fortunates are, but he finally succeeded; wealthy companies were formed, skillful mechanics set to work, and in a short time the woods and the plains and the submerged flats and even the river beds all around Charleston were thronged with men and machines busy bringing this precious treasure to light.

It came just in the nick of time; the earth of the plantations had been burned out, and to work even this there was not force enough. Then came into the market, as opportune as the Pennsylvania oil, the phosphate fertilizer, and the barren lands smiled again; and

smiled heartily too, for better cotton and larger crops of it have never before been raised. High lands in the upper parts of Georgia, for instance, lands that had never been available for the growth of any more profitable crops than of corn and wheat, are now made, with the aid of this new power, to produce a fine order of cotton. It gives a fresh, warm life to the soil, and enables it to bring its plants to perfection before the changing season interferes.

The road for a dozen miles out of Charleston is lined with large plantations, upon which are raised the splendid early fruits and vegetables which our Northern Health Boards struggle against every year. They are worked almost entirely by negroes, whose small, unpainted cabins commonly stand upon the edges of the gardens under the shade of the trees. It is a new sight for Northerners to see these people as field-hands, but those who have never witnessed the plantation-life of *ante-bellum* times, have lost a picture that cannot be revived, or hardly suggested; it is something gone, erased, wiped off the board, and the struggle for existence that Sambo now has is as prosaic, to the spectator, as the life of any laborer. There is something picturesque in a field of darkeys at mid-day; their women work, and work furiously too; the men wear flaunting hats of yellow straw, and the other sex bright bandanna handkerchiefs bound high upon their heads. Their tools are broad hoes with handles eight feet long, and they chop up the earth with a vigor that is a little heating to the observer. Their beasts are mules; and occasionally a poor cow, whose face, conduct, and gait, are infinitely more feminine than those of the negro women, is pressed into the service, and is harnessed to a plough.

The woods along the way are chiefly of live and water oak, and the tall Southern pine. The undergrowth is rich with ferns, grapevines, and berry bushes, which are interspersed with flowering plants whose blooms are extremely rich in color and fragrance. The richness and the variety of shades of green is something surprising. When once passed the region of plantations, and well into the forest, the rankness of the verdure is surpassingly beautiful. It is not possible, for long distances, to catch a glimpse of the earth, so covered and secreted is it with its growth of leaves. One seems to be riding through the boughs and branches of a dense forest, suspended in the air. From beside the very rails there begins a sea of brilliant foliage which rises boldly on either side, and stretches up so far that one is obliged to press the face to the window to catch a glimpse of the sky. Directly off on the line of sight, you look into green recesses half hidden and half veiled, and still farther on into other recesses into which the sunlight has struggled. The eye fails to reach to the end of these illuminated tree-chambers, but is led on and on from one delicate space to another until it becomes bewildered. Above, the lofty branches are hung with that most graceful, and one might almost say the most dramatic of all plants, the tree-moss, which depends in long, swinging festoons from the arms of the highest trees. Its effect is sombre and weird; its flocked

tendrils sway to and fro in the air with something like incantation in their movements, and against the blue sky they look like the sombre banners of some universal mourning.

Farther along on the route this moss is not to be seen; it is peculiar to the lower lands, and, without it, it would require some little attention to say wherein the forest differed from Northern woods.

It would make a mast-cutter's heart warm within him to see the splendid trunks of the Southern pines grouped together upon the clean uplands. Above, their broad tops make a canopy, while their round brown shafts, sometimes eighty feet high, make a pillared grove, in which the warm air seems imprisoned, so stagnant and silent is it. As far as one may see amid the regular and shapely trunks, there will be no undergrowth, save here and there a graceful fern or two; the floors of the woody solitudes will be brown with the pine-needles, and the distant view will not be abruptly closed, but will be tempered into one gentle obscurity after another by the closer grouping of the trees in perspective. But the silence is eternal. There will be no sights or sounds of man, no flights of birds, no running streams, no signs of decay, no fallen trunks, no scattered branches. All will be as lifeless and dead as a ruin.

The entries in Theodosia's note-book which referred to this part of the journey were not happy—for instance:

"10.30 A. M.—How lonesome the scenery is! Where you look to see a house, there is none. Where you might expect to see a settlement or a town, on account of the distance you have gone, you still see nothing but the perpetual woods. When you come to a river it is narrow, black, opaque, and seemingly stagnant; there are no boats upon it, no mills at its edges, and I do not see how fish can live in its waters. Now and then you come to a clearing of thirty or forty acres, with a few blackened stumps standing here and there, and a fringe of dense green woods at the sides and edges, but still no houses and no life. The scenery is often rich and beautiful, but it is very, very tiresome.

"11.30.—Have just reached a village. It is composed of eight or ten houses raised upon stilts above the ground. In front are huge magnolias, which cover them with shade. Plenty of negroes—men, women, and children—at the station. A few white men with broad straw hats lounge at the door of a store—a country-store, where there seems to be every thing for sale. The sky is very blue, the road is made of yellowish sand, the air is hot, the white women are in whitish dresses, and sit at the windows fanning themselves, and a row of negro children, from four years to twelve, stand silently before the car-windows busy staring, with open mouths and rolling eyes. Give them some pennies. They scramble naturally just like any other children. Ask a boy what he wants most. He answers, 'Larnin'.' Have asked this question in several other places as we have come along; the reply is the same, 'Larnin'.' Hope school-teachers will keep on coming here. Glad I am not a school-teacher.

"12 M.—In the swamp again. Going slowly over trestle-work. See my first alli-

gator; at least, I think it is an alligator. Have read that they rest like logs upon the water; this looks exactly like a log; it must be an alligator. Have just passed two sawmen standing on the edge of the canebrake. They had guns, and carried their jackets upon their arms. Their cheeks were hollow and saffron-colored, and their necks were so thin that you could see every muscle in them. Wonder if they were Ku-klux? Who knows?

"12.20.—We come to a hut made of logs and mud, with the regular clay chimney at the end. No glass in the windows; no paint on the walls. A tall, pale, weary-looking woman leans against the gate-way in a fence of wattles. Behind her is a rank background of red-and-yellow flowers. In the garden are three tall poles, upon the tops of which are tied gourds with circular holes cut in them. They were meant for bird-houses, but I cannot see any birds. Hot, hot, hot! The air trembles with heat. It rises from the woods and the earth, and it rushes in at the car-windows as if from a furnace. Yet I can hardly bring myself to shut the windows down.

"Have passed several turpentine-stills. They are situated in small openings in the pine-forests. You see a huge circular vat placed upon a high trellis; then a brick furnace; then a 'still'; then various negroes dipping up something with long-handled buckets; then quantities of barrels all around; and a cooper-shop near-by. There are sheds over all things except the negroes. Am not good at describing 'works' of any kind; besides, it is altogether too warm to think much. Every thing about a turpentine-still is yellow, of one shade or another. It is becoming difficult to make notes. The boy with the g—g—r p—p is coming again. Shall take some this time."

The boy to whom Theodosia here referred was one of the many embellishments of this excellent road. Besides his usual stock of newspapers, ground-nuts, and fruit, he was accustomed to bring through the cars, at intervals of two hours, a polished silvered tray or cruet, in which were six glass tumblers, scrupulously clean, and four bottles of ginger beer. He was accustomed to jingle these arrangements together so artfully that you could think of nothing but cold iced drinks, and you became thirsty in an instant. Then he would smile subtly and uncork a bottle in such a way that everybody in the car would turn around and straightway beckon to him.

At Branchville there was something very fine in the way of a restaurant. By-the-way, this was the place where Sherman gathered his army after leaving Savannah, and the country all around is sprinkled with scenes of old skirmishes, and of those unwelcome and terrible tragedies that are always the work of the "irregulars." Every man you meet has a tale to tell of what took place "under them pines over yonder," or "a right smart walk back in the woods thar." It is a little hard to imagine, when you climb down from the cars for no more serious purpose than to make a lunch somewhere, that you are on the spot where, a little while ago, a feverish army of men was running and marching about with tattered flags, smoky cannon, and gaunt horses, with no other intent than

to noisily and bloodily pursue another army that was flying off somewhere. There is no noise at present but the clattering of dishes, and no movement save the good-natured hurry of hungry passengers, and no sights to the right or the left but the silent green woods and the reddish, unprofitable earth.

No sooner do the cars stop, than a number of negro women besiege them with broad japanned trays, covered with cloths, upon which are plates of cake, sandwiches, eggs, chicken, and pots of coffee and tea, which you are implored to purchase at a pretty small price. They balance the trays on one hand and thrash them and all the neighboring air with long fly-brushes of river-fags, and from beneath the luxurious tables, as they are held up before you, you hear thick voices bawling: "Yere's der prime chicken a-go-in' by! Yere's der cupekorfey fur der thirsty! Look at der warfalls; jus you taste dem warfalls! Dey's good!"

The restaurant proper is as aspiring a place as one could wish to see. There is a dash of the *Trois Frères* in the manner of its servants and the style of its tables. If they are obliged to tell you that they cannot give you quail on toast, they do so with an air that half compels you to believe that such things are not here considered eatable, and you feel somewhat ashamed at having exhibited the brutishness of your tastes. There are no flourishes performed at Delmonico's that equal those accompanying the setting down of a plate of rolls at Branchville. The aprons, the airs of the waiters, and the (to use a bad word) swell atmosphere of the place, is something that you have no doubt considered peculiar to the metropolis, and the institution is sprung upon you as the cave was sprung upon Aladdin.

After a hundred miles or so from Charleston, Theodosia's spirits began to rise with the land. When hill and uplands commenced to make their appearance, compliments to the scenery commenced to mark her entries in her note-book.

She declared that she had discovered what the term "form-sickness" meant; and she wrote that the first swell of the land that met her eye developed a sensation within her something akin to the satisfaction given by a draught of water after a long thirst.

"You feel encouraged," said she; "you awake and look around, and feel refreshed in many different ways. You discover that your spirits and speeches have been on a pretty poor plane, and that, exactly as the landscape has been dull and flat, you have been dull and flat in a like degree.

She straightway began to talk indiscriminately to the people about her, stopping once to put out her head to see what she could see of the famous Aiken, which so many Northern invalids visit in search of dry winter air. She saw nothing but a red bank of clayey sand ten or twelve feet high, marked with initials and caricatures. There was a crowd of men farther along on the platform, and there could be seen the edges of a station-house in a sort of cleft in the cliff. When the train started on and came up to this cleft, she looked into it and saw a busy throng of carriages and drivers; and, upon a hill a lit-

the way off, an immense card-board hotel, honeycombed with windows and adorned with wooden flagree. It was three or four stories high, with appropriate piazzas and verandas, and it was mounted upon a treeless waste, as bare and stark as the Ark upon Ararat. One could see that there was a wide-awake village somewhere, though it was not exactly safe to say where, for the cleft suddenly disappeared and the bank of red sand shot up again on the other side. In front of it were a dozen negro fruit-peddlers gazing gloomily at the unprofitable train, and bearing their baskets of plums upon their heads with attitudes expressive of great despondency.

The outlook from the cars now afforded better things than it had heretofore. More life was to be seen. The narrow roads broadened into wide ones; upon the crests of hills were houses set amid the trees; now and then a factory-chimney lifted itself in the distance, and at the stations there was more activity and bustle.

There was at Graniteville, off to the right of the road upon a shelf in the side of a lofty hill, a pretty village whose shelving roofs shone in the sun. The air was beautifully clear, and the rich colors of the verdure in the valleys and upon the highlands, were enlivened by broad waves of glitter which the light and the breeze threw over them. Close beside the road was, a little farther on, a long, yellow cotton-mill, through whose windows one could see the humming machinery and the busy operatives. It reminded one of the stories of investments in Southern cotton-mills which he has been constantly hearing. It would seem that there could scarcely be a better employment for one's money than in such property, for, in most well-managed cases, it pays any thing from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. profit. You are told a great deal about the present prosperity and the prospective richness of all the South, and one very noticeable thing is, that almost everybody seems fully able to instruct you. The people you encounter hap-hazard in traveling seem to be charged to the top with hopeful theories and eloquent facts, and to be willing to pour them into your ear for the sake of pure instruction.

About the negro. You will almost invariably be told that he is working well and to the general advantage of himself and master. He has now discovered two vital things: First, that he must support himself; and, second, that he may become well-to-do in his own right. The result is that his contracts are now fairly kept, and that there is developing throughout the country a hard-handed and zealous black peasantry, which promises to be intelligent and thrifty. There seem to be many modes of combining among the employers and laborers; but the plan which is the most common, for the natural reason that it has been found the most successful, is for the landholder to invite field-hands to work upon his plantation, both parties furnishing equal shares of the necessary stock, and dividing the profits at the end of the season. Until within the past three years the negro has not realized his position or his possibilities; but he is now fast becoming aware of the nature and the profits of good faith, and

he acts accordingly. The promises and oaths which he once held only when his advantages were plainly in view, he now is more apt to consider binding and obligatory.

The tone of conversation on political affairs will very much surprise one who has judged of it from the editorials of many of the Southern journals. It is universally the habit to disclaim in the most earnest way the supposed enmity toward the North, which the newspapers would have people believe existed, even to the point of war-heat. Nothing will be more gratifying to you than to hear the most constant expressions of good-will, and you must indeed be combative and disputatious to incur any thing else than the utmost kindness and consideration. It is unhappily the case that many of the people with whom you will come into contact will be too poor to afford you the hospitality that would have been your lot twelve years ago, but whatever of satisfaction there may be in courteous regard, and in fair and generous discussion will be afforded you everywhere. If you make it an especial point to inquire into their present ideas in regard to those matters which are supposed to lay nearest their tempers, for example, slavery and general politics, you will find them admitting changes frankly and openly; and this disposition, in face of their misfortunes and disabilities, will challenge your sincerest admiration. They admit that slavery was bad economically, that it was wrong in morals, that they would resist its reimposition upon them, that they abide by the decisions of the war, that they have not the faintest dream of entering upon another struggle for separation, that they are convinced that their best ways are those of the careful cultivator and the strict economist, and that they look forward with the greatest faith to the near prosperity of their people. They invite travel, inspection, and discussion, and nothing could be more sincere than their depreciation of those who would have the world believe that they live full of regrets and incendiary dreams.

Theodosia found among her fellow-passengers several who had fought in the war, and also several ladies who had lost much in the dreadful conflict. These last gathered sympathetically together, and, turning over the car-seats began to go over all their sensations on the spot. Three of them were in deep black, yet they could smile a little, and Theodosia drew them out. They had some sandwiches, and in the intervals of eating and brushing away the crumbs, they conduced with each other, and promised never to let the men quarrel hereafter.

Should you ever wish to go from Macon, Georgia, to Anderson, some sixty miles south, it is advised that you do not take the train that starts nominally at 7.45 P. M., for the passenger-cars will be attached to a freight-train, and you will be suited exactly as the freight is suited, and no better. The train will start and return upon different switches, and so add to its length and unwieldiness that, when it does finally move forward at nine o'clock or thereabouts, it will jerk and toil so like an overworked serpent, that you will begin to pity it in spite of your own sorrows. It will whistle and slowly stop at all of the little sta-

tions of which you can see nothing, and you will sit still for twenty minutes listening to the heavy rain on the roof close above you, and will stir to look curiously at your quiet neighbors, only to find by the dim light that they are looking curiously at you. You will have thought them asleep. They will have the same belief respecting you. It will not be long before it will be found that everybody in the car is awake. Somebody behind will ask in a half-inarticulate whisper, "Where are we now?" Another whisperer will say, perhaps after pressing his face against the glass a little while, "Echeconnee, I guess, or maybe, at Fort Valley." It will strike you and everybody else that, as they are a dozen miles apart, the first whisperer has been taken in, and that the last one must be a fool. Still nobody will make the correction, but all will turn their heads slowly to look back at the misguider and the misguided, and then will resettle themselves to silently think it over. Now and then a man with a lantern will run past under your window, and from some far-off place ahead will occasionally come the sound of the knocking about of boxes and barrels. By looking out you will find that you are in the midst of woods dimly seen through the fog; there will be a piny smell to the air, and also a peculiar dampness that you will be likely to retreat from.

Theodosia was amused at a bride, who with her husband sat opposite her. She wore plenty of white, and her head was surmounted by a satin hat, which made her tower eight inches above her partner in life. He was not permitted to occupy the same seat with her, but she sat alone and dimly erect when the dim car-light fell full upon her, and she was soured because every thing she wore was so new. She got down at Montezuma, and one could hear her scold because it rained, as she disappeared in the dark, followed by her dumb lord, who had her bundles.

At Marshallville there got in a commercial gentleman, who was pleasingly conversant with the tricks of travelers. He had his valise, his satchel, his rugs, and his package of canes and umbrellas. He wished to make himself a bed, but the backs of the seats were locked. He produced a key and unlocked one, and turned it over. Still there was a gulf between. He piled his two portmantaus upon the floor, and thus filled the gap. Then he produced a thick English shawl, with which he enveloped his limbs after stretching them out. Then he propped up a window with his canes. Then he put aside his tall white hat, and substituted for it a green plaid skull-cap with a wide visor. Into the elastic of this cap he put his ticket. Then from an inner pocket he produced a head-cushion of white rubber-cloth, which he proceeded to blow up and fasten. In a few seconds he produced a soft pillow, and attached it to the seat-back with a strong hook. Then he took a *coup d'œil* of the car, glanced protestingly at the lights, and then, adjusting himself comfortably, he lay slowly down, and became quiet in an instant.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

WIVES IN MOROCCO.*

IT was before the arrival of his French intended that I, and a party of other English ladies, went to the Tangier town residence of the Sharif of Wazan, to visit his wives.

Unfortunately, on the occasion he was just moving to his summer residence in this part of the empire—a house situated in one of the mountains about a couple of miles from the town. For such slight change of quarters as this, he does not consider it necessary to have two sets of wives, his Tangier establishment answering for both his town and country residence in this place. So, on this account, we were only able to see two of the wives, as the other ladies had preceded the saint to the country-house the day before. However, as one of these two was the saint's favorite in Tangier, and the beauty of the establishment, we less regretted the absence of the rest.

The great man did us the honor to receive us himself, at the top of his staircase. His wives stood behind him. It would, I suppose, have been too great a degradation of Moorish and saintly marital dignity for him to have introduced them to us; but, his own greetings over, he stood aside a little, and allowed them to come forward, which they did with ready, smiling eagerness. The saint, having shown us into an apartment near at hand, and begged us to be seated, then retired. The room was very small and ill furnished—a bare, dirty-looking place. There were a shabby European sofa, a few chairs, and a little table—nothing else. The seats were barely sufficient to accommodate our party, which the saint, who presently reentered, perceiving, he retired again. Immediately after, the two wives hurried in with two more chairs, which they placed next the door fronting us, when the great man came back and seated himself. The younger and prettier wife took the other chair, pushing it a little behind her husband's; and the other wife took up her position standing behind his back.

The conversation commenced with elaborate apologies on the part of the saint and his wives—he speaking first, and they after him and both together—for the disordered condition of the establishment, the deficiencies in the furniture, and the meanness of the apparel of the ladies—all which was owing to the fact that the good furniture and best dresses had all been sent, with the other wives, to the house in the mountain the day before.

I was rather disappointed, it must be owned, in the toilets of our hostesses, who were both habited altogether in dirty-white calico, except that they wore the usual broad, stiff, silk sashes, and had gaudy-colored silk handkerchiefs tied round their heads.

The elder of the ladies was a tall, stout, florid young woman, apparently about six-and-twenty, with a particularly broad, flat face, a very wide mouth, and an especially turned-up nose. Her eyes, however, were good; and, like her companion, being *en dés-ahabillés*, she was unpainted, which rendered

her, if not beautiful or fascinating, at least unobjectionable. The favorite wife looked about twenty. She, too, had fine eyes, and softer and more intelligent-looking than the other's, whose large, dark orbs expressed about as much feeling and intellect as those appertaining to a dummy in a hair-dresser's window. This girl had rather a wide mouth, too; but it was well shaped, and showed, when she smiled, her even, pearly teeth. Her features, altogether, though not regular or refined, were pleasing. Her complexion was pale and clear. What attracted me most about her, however, was the expression of her face; for, unlike the majority of Moorish women, her face had an expression. It was very sweet and winning, and showed her not devoid of sensitiveness or intellect. Inconvenient qualities for her, poor thing! That was, I should think, why, though she was the beauty and the pet, she did not look half as jolly and contented as her plain and less-favored companion.

Neither of these girls had any children. Indeed, very few, I believe, of the sharif's wives are blessed in that way. He has had, I was told, but three or four children altogether.

The conversation proceeded. It was carried on entirely in Arabic, between one of our party, who could speak that language fluently, and the saint, who knows no other, "the gift of tongues" not being among his supernatural endowments. He inquired the names of those among us with whom he had not been previously acquainted; but I was surprised to find—the dialogue was translated as it went on—that he was familiar with circumstances concerning some of us, which, considering how little he, or any of the Moors, mix with the European society of the place, I should not have expected him to have been aware of.

There were some questions on the other side. Among others, our spokeswoman asked when he expected his French bride. He replied, with cool gravity, "By the next trip of the *Vérité*"—a Marseilles steamer, which trades down the coast of Morocco. But the youngest wife, when she heard the question, started visibly, and blushed, while an expression of pain, that she vainly tried to subdue, stole over her face. The other young woman laughed heartily, and said that they were all very anxious and curious to see the new-comer; and she looked as if she were speaking the truth, as far as she herself was concerned. The young one tried to join in the laugh, but she did it very ill. She even made an attempt to joke with her husband about the expected addition to the family circle, but it was a jest of which she did not appear to appreciate the point herself, though he smiled benignly on her as he replied.

As it was quite evident that the subject was not a pleasant one to the poor wife, it was quickly changed. There was a little girl among us, who had brought her doll; and this just now attracted the attention of the Moorish ladies. It was a particularly good specimen of the doll-maker's art, wore its hair in a *chignon*, could open and shut its eyes, and squeak; and little Rose had dressed it in its best clothes in honor of the occasion.

Observing that the saint's wives were regarding the waxen beauty with looks of admiration and curiosity, the child's mother bade her go forward and show it to them. Rose hesitated at first, being rather afraid of the saint, I think—a feeling in which I could sympathize with her, for he is about as truculent and unprepossessing-looking an individual as I have ever seen—but she was at last induced to advance and place the doll in the lap of the younger of the ladies. They both turned and twisted it, and examined it and its clothes all over, with exclamations of surprise and delight. When shown how to make it shut and open its eyes, they clapped their hands in astonishment. The favorite wife timidly pulled the saint by the sleeve, to call his attention to it, when, smiling at her excitement with a half-amused, half-contemptuous expression, he too condescended to regard it. The childishly-timid demeanor of the girl toward him, and her deferential and humble manner when addressing him, might have been amusing, considering that she was his wife and he was her husband, had it not been so exceedingly painful and humiliating to witness. I confess that I felt very unkindly inclined toward this saint. He was the first I had ever been introduced to, and would probably be the last—a circumstance which I did not regret, so unfavorable an impression did he make upon me.

So that I, for one, did not feel sorry when we all rose and bade farewell to the sharif and his wives.

We visited at two or three others of the Moorish houses that day, because, though we all owned to being tolerably disgusted with what we had, as yet, seen of domestic life in Morocco, we were all more or less tinged with curiosity on the subject, which there was no way of satisfying but by personal inspection. From the English or other European gentlemen in Tangier, some of whom had resided long, and traveled much, in the country, it was impossible to obtain any information as to the appearance, manners, or habits, of the Moorish women; they being most rigorously excluded from their society.

I may as well narrate here an incident, bearing on this subject, which took place some time ago in Tangier; and which exemplifies forcibly the jealous conservatism of the Moors in this matter; and the risks which Europeans run, who, even unintentionally, do any thing to offend that feeling.

A young Gibraltar, who had resided for some time in Tangier, with his mother, formed an intimate acquaintance with a Moor of higher education, more liberal mind, and more genial manners toward foreigners, than the generality of his countrymen possess. As a proof of his confidence and esteem, this man invited his Christian friend to his house, and introduced him to his wife, of whom he was very fond, and whom he did not keep quite in the condition of subjection, usual in Morocco. He repeated his invitation, and the young man soon became a constant and regular visitor at his house.

This infringement of Moorish customs caused, however, great resentment to all the other Moslems in the town who were aware of it.

* A Winter in Morocco. By Amelia Perrier.

One day, when the Christian called, his friend was out; as, however, he was to return shortly, the visitor said he would go in and wait, and accordingly entered the house. This proceeding was, however, observed by some jealous watcher, on the lookout possibly for such an event, who instantly spread the information among his friends. The husband, as he was returning to his house soon after, was met by some of his fellow-Moslems, who reported to him that the Christian with whom he was so intimate was in the habit of visiting his wife, secretly, in his absence, and was at that very moment in his house. Unfortunately, he was a man of violent and ungovernable temper. Mad with rage and jealousy, he rushed into the house, where he found the young man talking to his wife, and, without asking him a question, or giving him time to utter a word, he stabbed him to the heart!

The affair created a profound sensation; the murdered man's consul, of course, interfering to have the murderer brought to justice, who was accordingly tried and condemned to death. But the sentence was not executed. The Moor's mother, having vainly entreated the bashaw to spare her son's life, went to the mother of the victim, and implored her to intercede with the bashaw for the purpose. Her entreaties and persuasions were so moving that the bereaved woman at last consented, and, at her request, the sentence was changed to one of imprisonment for a term of years.

The next house we called at was that of one of the wealthiest men in Tangier; one of the *talaba*, or notaries, and the owner of large property in the town. I had frequently heard him spoken of as being distinguished for his liberal education and enlightenment of mind. He had traveled much in Europe, and had acquired a knowledge of several foreign languages; his ideas and tastes—so it was said—becoming at the same time in a great degree assimilated to those of Western countries. In consequence, I hoped to see in his house some tangible effects of his advanced education, and those loftier sentiments with which he was supposed to be animated. But I was doomed to disappointment.

We were admitted by a negress slave. The house was a very handsome one, the handsomest I had yet been in in Tangier. It was built altogether in the Moorish style. The *patio* was very spacious, the floor beautifully inlaid in squares of colored marble. The gallery was supported by pillars, also of colored marble.

There was a good deal of fuss and excitement on our entry, and the ladies did not immediately present themselves; but we heard a running about to and fro up-stairs, and were conscious of being peeped at over the gallery railing. We were invited into a room on the ground-floor to wait; but, it being windowless, and the day being very warm, it was so close and stuffy that we preferred remaining in the *patio*. While here, we saw the negress who had admitted us, and who had run up-stairs to announce our arrival to her mistresses, return hurriedly to the room below, into which she had shown us, and collect from underneath some cushions several articles of rich and handsome wearing-apparel.

Guessing the meaning of this, and not feeling inclined to wait while the ladies made elaborate toilets, one of our party, who had been here frequently before, told the slave to beg them to come to us as they were, as we did not at all mind. The slave explained to us that the master was away from home, in the country, and therefore, of course, they were not nicely dressed, and the house was in disorder; but, if we would only wait for a few minutes, they would come down. We explained, in return, that we had very little time; but, as we were very anxious to see them, we would wait a moment or two, and that we did not at all mind how they were dressed.

This had the due effect. Two fat, dirty, ugly, little girls came hurrying down almost immediately, all smiles and excitement. They were very young, one being, she told us, twelve, and the other fourteen. They did not look at all older than that, and indeed were not as tall as well-grown English girls of the same age, and were much more childish in manner. Little Rose, who was only seven, was a sedate, accomplished woman, compared to them. The elder was *encante*. She looked like an idiotic Chinese. They had both broad, flat faces; but her skin, features, and the shape of her little expressionless eyes, were altogether of the celestial type. Her forehead was low and narrow, and not a single ray of intellect illumined her whole countenance. The other was nearly as ugly; but the color of her skin was better, and her eyes, though so wide apart that they did not seem to look together, were large and bright. She appeared, too, as if it might be possible to teach her the alphabet, though with difficulty, or sufficient arithmetic to be able to count a hundred. They were both awfully fat; so fat, indeed, that they were nearly as broad as they were long, particularly the young lady in an interesting condition. Their apparel certainly left much to be desired. Like the saint's wives, they were both dressed in dirty white calico, only theirs was much dirtier. One of them, however, had managed to induct herself hastily into an embroidered silk waistcoat outside these unpleasant habiliments.

They took us into what was evidently the show-room of the house—the private sitting-room of the lord and master of the establishment. It was scantily furnished with an English "drawing-room suite," consisting of round table, sofa, and eight chairs, by no means of the handsomest or best manufacture. The room looked bare and ugly, with its plain, hard, whitewashed walls, and tiled floor, which require the rich Moorish curtains, and draperies, and cushions, and rugs, to look comfortable and picturesque. With great pride we were called upon to observe the English writing-materials on the table. These, as well as the furniture, were thickly covered with dust. I dare say they were regarded as too sacred and valuable to be meddled with by any but the owner; for I noticed that the girls glanced about the room themselves with an air of awe and curiosity, that made it seem as if they were not in the habit of entering it very often.

But, notwithstanding his walnut chairs

and steel pens, I felt, as I left, that I could not believe much in the elevation of mind or refinement of feeling, of a man who had such horrid, dirty little wives.

Our next, and concluding visit, was to a bride. This young lady's nuptials had taken place about a fortnight before, so she was now able to get up, open her eyes, and speak. She was nineteen. She had been married, we were told, to her uncle—or, rather, uncle-in-law, the husband of her aunt—aged about sixty-two. I don't know whether her aunt was still alive, and presiding over the establishment. If so, it must have been a very nice, snug family party altogether.

Here we met with a most cordial reception. The house was small, but all clean and in festive order. We were immediately ushered up-stairs, to the room where the bride was sitting in state with her friends. Outside the door were about twenty pairs of embroidered slippers, belonging to the ladies inside; the bride's, which were particularly rich and handsome—velvet embroidered in gold and silver—were pointed out to us by the slave who was showing us the way.

The room was small and very narrow, and was already well filled, with the row of Moorish women, seated closely all round by the walls. We were eight in our party, and it was with difficulty that we made our way up through the narrow centre space to pay our respects to the bride, who was seated at the top of the room. This manoeuvre having been at last successfully accomplished, we had to accede to the request of the ladies, and squat down on the floor with them. When we did, in a long line from the bride to the door, there was not an inch of space left on the floor of the room. If well ventilated, six or eight people might have sat in the room without discomfort or risk; but it was not ventilated at all, and we were, at least—I didn't count, but the room looked crammed—eight-and-twenty. Such atmosphere as there was, too, was loaded with the heavy, sickening, Moorish perfumes.

I was at the top of the room, next the bride, with the lady who acted as spokeswoman and leader to our party. The bride was a large, coarse, plain-featured young woman; such charms as she possessed not being at all heightened by two large, triangular patches, roughly daubed in vermillion, on her cheeks. This was over a groundwork of white paint. Her eyebrows, too, were blackened and drawn together over her eyes. Modesty, at this stage of her married life, permitted her to wear her veil hanging down her back, instead of over her face. She was, of course, loaded with jewelry.

Next to her was a very nice and interesting-looking woman, a sister of the bashaw's, and whom it was considered a great honor to have present; as women of this rank rarely go out, even to visit brides. She had a long and rather thin but expressive face, and beautiful, soft, dark eyes. Her smile, though very sweet and winning, was somewhat sad. She seemed very glad to see Mrs. —, whom she knew well, and conversed with her for some time in an interested and intelligent manner. Her dress and jewelry, too, exhibited a taste and refinement, quite wanting in

the habiliments and ornaments of the rest. Among other jewels she wore a very beautiful pearl necklace, with an emerald drop, and exquisite ear-rings of emeralds and pearls. These were of Moorish workmanship, but the stones and pearls were really good.

The other ladies, meanwhile, were busily occupied examining our clothes, concerning which they talked and commented a good deal, and with considerable animation, among themselves. Knowing the gratification that looking at dress affords these women, who have no other object of interest in life, most of us had put on our gayest and best apparel for the occasion. Our entrance had no doubt been an agreeable diversity to the entertainment, which, on these occasions, consists simply of sitting round the room, talking, with—owing to their narrowed lives—very little to talk about. Rose's doll was again an especial object of curiosity and admiration. It was passed up to the bride, and put through its paces for her benefit; and she manifested great delight and surprise at its appearance, manners, and education.

But the heat, and crowd, and smell, and the unaccustomed and uncomfortable attitudes in which we were seated, after about ten minutes, got too much for some of our party, and the signal for a move was passed down the line. We were entreated to remain and partake of tea and sweetmeats, which were just being brought in by the slaves; but the idea of having to swallow hot tea, flavored most probably with mint, rue, or some other horrible herb, only hastened our departure. Some of the women held our gowns while imploring us to remain a little longer, so that we felt that we were really "tearing ourselves away." Of course, these poor creatures do become in a degree inured to their life of seclusion; but how little they enjoy it is plainly seen in the melancholy or fretful expression on the face of every woman, who in mind appears to be any thing above the ordinary level—which is an exceedingly low one—and by the evident delight afforded to all by the sight of new faces, and even such transitory association with strangers from that outer world from which they are debarred, as visits like ours occasionally supply them with.

THE GAS SUPPLY OF LONDON.

GAS-MAKING AT BECKTON.

WHILE engaged in gathering materials for the articles which have recently appeared in this JOURNAL on the government of London, it occurred to the writer that a very proper branch of that subject was the gas supply of the English metropolis, it being his opinion that a cheap and good supply of gas belongs as much to the responsible organization of a town, as an efficient system of drainage, or a pure supply of water. It had been his first intention to have treated this subject as one bearing upon municipal institutions, in regard to the interesting question of the transfer of gas-works to local authorities, and to have compared the results of the working under that system, as afforded by the experiences of the cities of Leeds, Manches-

ter, Bradford, and other large English towns where the exclusive control of the gas-works is vested in the corporations, or local boards, with our own experiences in the cities of the United States, where, for the most part if not wholly, gas-consumers are in the hands of private joint-stock companies. He found, however, that it would be impossible to collect any very trustworthy data, without a very considerable amount of traveling and trouble, and he was, therefore, compelled to forego his original purpose, and to content himself simply with visiting probably the largest gas-works in the world—those of the Chartered Gas Company at Beckton, near London—a joint-stock company which supplies nearly one-third of the vast English metropolis with gas—and this paper will therefore be devoted to giving a brief account of that visit, coupled with such facts connected with the gas supply of London as he was enabled to gather from the officials of the company.

Away, on the very outskirts of Northeast London, on the north bank of the Thames, fully ten miles from Charing Cross, and at least two from the nearest town of North Woolwich, are the Beckton Gas-works. They cover very nearly one hundred acres of ground; and in respect to the arrangements made for the supply of coal, which comes direct from the northern seaboard ports by way of the Thames; the conveniences at the water-side for readily unloading the colliers, and transporting the coal thence to the retort-houses; and the enormous facilities for manufacturing and storing large quantities of gas, the works of the Chartered Gas Company of London will probably stand unrivaled. There is a great iron railway-pier, running some distance out into the river, traversed by the private locomotives and coal-trucks of the company, carrying the coal from the steam-colliers, which are emptied by means of steam cranes at the rate of forty tons per crane per hour. There are four retort-houses, in each of which you may see close upon six hundred fire-spouting mouth-pieces of retorts, which, each, consume from two and a half to three hundred-weight of coal per day. There are four gas-holders, each one hundred and eighty feet in diameter, made to contain one million cubic feet of gas each. And there were stored upon the premises, lying in great heaps near the retort-houses, for future use in manufacturing gas, upward of forty thousand tons of precious coal.

For the sake of those of our readers to whom the manufacture of gas is practically a mystery—the writer is willing to confess that the subject was one of which he knew very little until he visited the Beckton Gas-works—it may be interesting for us as we go along to describe briefly the processes by which coal is made to yield light. The first objects that strike one at a gas-works are the enormous circular vessels, which are the storehouses of the gas when its manufacture is completed, and from which it passes into the mains or street pipes, by which it is led off for the service of the public. The first step to the gas-holders, as these vessels are termed, is the retort-house—we are beginning, perhaps, in a somewhat roundabout way, but the gas-holders are the objects we are all most famil-

iar with, and at Beckton they stood boldly out, visible some miles from the nearest railroad—and the retort-house is where the business of gas-making may be said to begin. There were, as we have before mentioned, four of these great caverns of fire at Beckton, some hundred yards long and not ten wide, the walls of which were now and again spouting great showers of live coke, upon which men of weird aspect stripped to the waist threw buckets of cold water. Groups of smoke-begrimed, perspiring men were stoking and raking forth masses of glowing matter, while other groups of more salamandrine men still were thrusting fresh fuel into the fiery mouth-pieces of the retorts, and rapidly banging-to the doors again. Coal was being converted into gas, and coal had been made into coke. The fire-spouting holes, of which there were five hundred and forty in each building, were the mouths of the retorts in which the coal is burned. The retorts, we may state, are hollow iron cases about seven feet long, and rather cylindrical in shape, with a diameter of about fourteen inches. They are closed at the farther end, and are only opened at the mouths for admission and withdrawal of fuel. They are kept constantly at a red heat by means of fierce fires of coke, the furnaces being so contrived as to subject them all to about an equal degree of heat. The retorts are charged by means of long iron scoops fitting the interiors, by which the charge of coal is readily introduced, and the scoop being inverted is withdrawn empty; the proper charge being about two-thirds of what the retort will actually hold, because the coal put in will be transformed into coke, and so have increased about one-third in bulk, for which increase space must of course be allowed. The moment the charge of coal is introduced, so great is the heat it meets that it bursts into flame, and, if the doors of the retorts were left open, the coal would necessarily be consumed as in an ordinary grate. But, as flame cannot exist without air, the doors being closed and every bit of air carefully excluded, the disengaged gas, which would be flame if air were present, passes upward through a tube fixed over the mouth of the retort, which tube connects with the hydraulic main—a large iron pipe running along the topmost retorts, and communicating thus with every one of them. As the distillation of the coal goes on, a quantity of tar, ammoniacal liquor, and other matter, rises along with the gas through the connecting pipe and flows over into the hydraulic main, which is so contrived as always to be about half full of this semi-liquid stuff; the feeding-tubes from the retorts all dip below the surface of the liquid, by which arrangement any return of the gas is prevented, when the charges of the retorts are drawn or they have to be repaired or otherwise interfered with, as was the case when we were at Beckton, when three sets of nine retorts in one corridor were undergoing repair. Among the first questions which it occurred to us to ask of the gentleman who was good enough to be our guide at Beckton, while we stood gazing together at the great masses of fiery coke which continually poured forth from the retorts, was, "What is the quantity of coal

carbonized by your company during the year?" We were told in reply, "Four hundred and seventy-five thousand tons."

"And at what cost?" we inquired.

"Nearly four hundred and ten thousand pounds."

"What does a ton of coal produce?"

"Taking the average of coal used in London, as near as possible, ten thousand cubic feet."

"Can you say, off-hand, what is the largest quantity of gas you have manufactured in twenty-four hours?"

"I think about eight and a half millions. Yesterday, and of course we make considerably less in summer than in winter, we manufactured about four million five hundred thousand. The works are constructed, however, to make ten."

"Would it be fair to ask," we inquire, "what you are charging the public?"

"Certainly. Coal is exceedingly dear now, and we are charging four shillings and sevenpence per thousand for sixteen-candle gas. Three and ninepence is the usual price."

Relating these things as they occurred, we then passed over to what are called the condensers, but not before noting on our way certain iron trunk mains some four feet in diameter, many miles of which, our guide informed us, were used to connect the works with the subordinate gas-stations belonging to the company in London.

When the gas has passed upward from the retort, with the tar, ammonia, etc., into the hydraulic main, the heavier matters are led off through a pipe in the main conducting to a tar-cistern, generally underground, and the gas, by its own elasticity, forces its way from the main into the condensers where it is cooled, and all tarry matter is effectually removed. These condensers (there were four at Beckton, two water and two atmospheric) generally consist of a series of tall, upright pipes inclosed in larger ones, the spaces between the outer and inner pipes being filled with water which flows through in a cool stream. The pipes through which the gas circulates open at the bottom into a tank, separately divided, into which the tar condensed on the cool surface of the pipes trickles down, and is effectually drained off into a tar-cistern to be sold. The proceeds of the sale of this tar, and the other residual product of the coal, coke, brought into the treasury of the company, last year, seven hundred and two thousand dollars.

On entering the condensers, the gas is at a temperature of 120°, but it cools down to 60° before going through the process of purifying. The purifiers—of which there were four at Beckton, and four cheek purifiers—are large, rectangular vessels, wide as the floor of a room, about three feet in depth, and fitted up interiorly with three stages on floors, one above the other, the stages consisting of laths of wood, very narrow, and nearly touching each other, and the whole stage being divided into sections, so as to be easily removed when necessary. On these several floorings of lath an artificial compound, the chief constituent of which is oxide of iron, is spread, loosely, to the depth of an inch or more, and the lid of the purifier is then let

down, making all gas-tight. The gas turned into the purifiers from below rises through the several layers of oxide of iron, losing its impurities as it goes. Above the topmost layer an open pipe leads away to a second purifier, where the gas passes through a second series of oxide-covered floors of lath; and from the second purifier to a third, and from the third to a fourth. After passing through all these purifiers the gas is so far cleansed that it might be stored for use and allowed to get rid of what ammonia remains by contact with the water in the gasometer. But, though the water would absorb the ammonia if the gas were left long enough, it would be too tardy a process, so the gas is now passed through the "scrubbers," which are nothing more than tall tanks, filled with lumps of coke, over and through which water is allowed to trickle from a perforated tube at the top. The gas is admitted at the bottom, and passes through this coke, when it comes in contact with a shower of water, which, owing to the extensive surface of the wet coke, thoroughly takes up all remaining ammonia.

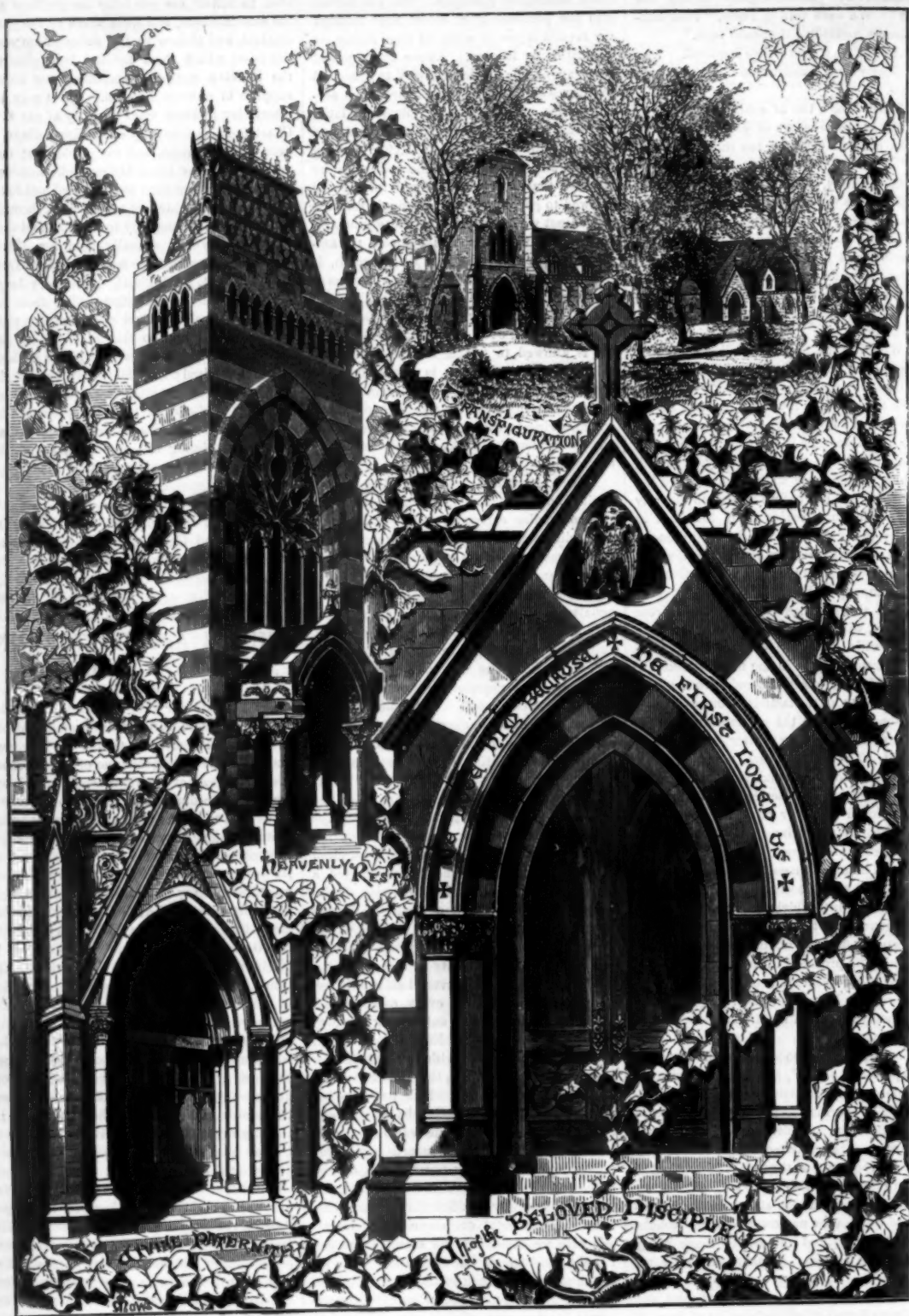
There are certain heavy penalties for impurities in gas in England, which render the gas companies extremely cautious. By act of Parliament all companies are compelled, under penalty, to keep within twenty grains of sulphur (fifteen is the maximum at Beckton) in a hundred cubic feet of gas; and a penalty of five hundred dollars a day is inflicted upon a company for the least trace of sulphuretted hydrogen in the gas it retails to the public. The Metropolitan Board of Works has very considerable power in dealing with the gas companies. It appoints its own officers (by act of Parliament) to test all gas supplied to the citizens of London, and it regulates the lighting by gas companies of all public lamps in streets, as required by the local authority, and determines the price and illuminating power of gas. As regards the presence of ammonia, a maximum of two and a half grains only is allowed in a hundred cubic feet; and, if this should be exceeded, a penalty of twenty-five dollars a day is incurred. The Metropolitan Board of Works is very particular, too, in the matter of the illuminating power of the gas which the London public gets—a penalty of five dollars a day being incurred for every half-candle below sixteen candles for every one hundred thousand cubic feet sent out during the day. It is very satisfactory to learn that one city, at least, is well served with this most necessary requirement of life, the Board remarking, in their last report, which now lies before us: "The gas supplied by the London companies has, except on one or two occasions, been always up to the standard as regards purity and illuminating power; and, on the occasions when a slight default occurred, the chief gas-examiner certified that it was owing to some accidental or unavoidable cause." We wish we could say the same of the gas supplied to some of our own cities. One of the most interesting departments at Beckton was the photometer-house, where the experiments for detecting sulphur, etc., and testing the illuminating power of the gas, took place. It would be wearisome in an article of this

kind to follow the gas from the purifiers to the station-meter, and from there to the gasometers, and thence to the subordinate stations—of which there are five belonging to the Beckton company manufacturing small supplies of gas—in London. But it may be interesting to know what quantity of gas this Chartered Gas Company of London sells in a year. We inquired, and were told that last year so much as three billion eight hundred and forty-three million one hundred and fourteen thousand cubic feet of gas went through the pipes of the company to London, and that that quantity was actually paid for. That gas-making is profitable may be judged from the fact that, in England, where very large dividends are the exception rather than the rule, every well-managed gas company pays ten per cent.; and to that dividend, by act of Parliament, private gas companies in London are limited; that is to say, the legislature very properly steps in to prevent fraud upon the public from any attempts made by joint-stock companies to reach heavy dividends by palming off impure and badly-illuminating gas upon the public. There are about ten companies supplying London with gas, but most of these have very recently been merged into what are now known as the Chartered Gas Company, the Imperial, and the South Metropolitan Gas Companies of London.

CHARLES E. PASCOE.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK.

WITH all our progress in the material sciences, it needs but a glance at our ecclesiastical structures to find out how very young we still are. Every one of our churches seems to gaze at us reproachfully, and upbraid us with our youth. Now, to be young is, doubtless, a very good thing, and in architecture it generally happens that the finest exemplars of a nation's genius are reared in its youth and fullest flush of vigor. Such was undoubtedly the case among the Arabic countries outside of Arabia, and with the fair lands that were either Gothic or cognate to the Goth. All that Spain can boast of in glorious architecture dates back either to the time of the Goths, or to the earliest occupation of the conquering Saracens. The splendid cathedrals of France, England, and Germany, all recede to that peculiarly interesting period which modern conceit has so inaptly termed the dark ages. All the truly interesting monuments of ancient Rome date beyond authentic records, that is, before the destruction of the city by the Gauls under Brennus. It is in Greece alone that we find a parallel to ourselves, and it is surprising that the people who have obtained the highest credit for architecture should have been for so long a time servile copyists of the Egyptians. The Doric is but Egyptian divorced from its grandeur of outline and its sublimity of mass. Nor was it until the Ionic slowly emerged from obscurity, that the Hellenic genius was developed. Even then, from an architectural point of view, the Ionic is open to reproach, because all its ornamentation is extraneous



CHURCH PORCHES IN NEW YORK.

and belongs to the sculptor. The hideous revival of the pseudo-classic, which commenced in Europe, and which found its inglorious way across the Atlantic, has left in New York some unpleasant traces of its existence. Not to speak of those old Dutch churches, in which the intrinsic defects of the Greek are heightened by the Hollandish medium through which they are presented, there are two churches in Lafayette Place, in which horrors are heaped upon horrors. One of them is the old St. Bartholomew's, and it is ludicrous to see how the architect settled with his conscience in the matter of a belfry. The Dutch had boldly clapped a Gothic spire upon the top of the classical façade, but this architect had a soul above such base mingling of styles. So, as he must have a belfry, he bravely stuck another pediment on to the top of the pediment, and, by contracting its sides and giving it undue height, got what he wanted without breaking the letter of the classical style. Happily for New York, this most wretched imitation of an architecture, utterly unsuited to Christian churches, was knocked in the head by the erection of Trinity Church.

It is true that this structure is, in its way, as slavish a copy of the perpendicular Gothic as St. Bartholomew's was of the pseudo-classic, but it was suitable for church architecture, and the consequences were soon apparent in the speedy growth of a love for Gothic styles. The architects of New York soon discovered the truth that the perpendicular was a decline toward the Renaissance, and to the revival of classic decoration. It was probably for this reason that, in leaving the classic, our artists adopted the Renaissance. But the idea of the truth having once been implanted, there was very speedily a development of the earlier and purer styles of Gothic generally known as early English. But, what was true for England is not true for us. The gloomy skies of England, and the cold, scanty sunlight, necessitated large windows, with mullions of very delicate tracery, so as to admit as much light as could be gained. But with us, on the contrary, there are such floods of dazzling sunlight as to make these broad expanses of stained glass uncommonly disagreeable. And, again, the deep valleys of the English roofs are highly picturesque, no doubt, and very satisfactory in England. But here in New York, where the snow-drifts are uncomfortably deep, they become simply receptacles for snow, which not only occasion leaks, but also create a weight that strains the supports, and often produces depression. Again, where the light is so cold as in England, the coloring must be feeble in proportion, for every thing is relative. But here, on the contrary, the greatest wealth of coloring cannot be too much; for this reason, the painted windows that are imported from England seem here absolutely devoid of color, whereas there, they by contrast seem charged with warmth and glowing like precious stones.

The question that presents itself most forcibly is this: Are we changing our type of Gothic according to our needs and the genius of our people, or are we still slavishly copying what has gone before us? Nowhere is a nation's character so forcibly revealed as in

its architecture, which is the very form and presence of the body of the time. But, in ecclesiastical architecture, there is a universal tendency to repeat what has gone before. The reason why the buildings of the dark ages were so transcendently original, is because they were erected by men who were isolated from criticism, strong in a sense of the power that knowledge gives, and banded together in associations of which nothing but the memory has been left to us. The monk- and the freemasons formed a combination of planners and workers such as the world is not likely to see again. Doubtless, the strong religious enthusiasm of those days was a very large element of their success. But we have seen that the Mormons, under somewhat similar conditions, have produced nothing. The reason is that, among the Mormons, the vast majority are men without education, either of the brain, heart, hand, or eye. And their prime object has been the acquisition of material wealth. Here, in New York, the conditions are greatly against us, but the fact is incontestable that we are progressing. In the Reformed Dutch Church on Forty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, the observer will see that both in the windows of the façade and the aisles, and even in the foils of the porch, the line-tracery of the English styles has been abandoned, and what is called plate-tracery has been restored, thus shutting out the floods of objectionable light, and producing that dim obscurity so desirable for the attainment of the mind to a religious pitch. In the same church we see indications, though fantastic and *flamboyant*, that the true constructional spirit of the Gothic has been thoroughly understood. It is the essence of Gothic architecture to delight in answering all the demands that may be made upon it. There is no such thing as uniformity in it, which is the sorriest blunder that ever a builder made. The Gothic is like Mother Nature—equal to all demands. Are the conditions for placing your tower on the façade unfavorable? Put it round the corner, or over the crux, or, indeed, where you will. Do you want a little room adjoining the sacristy? Build it out. Do you want to light the vestibule into which you are admitted by the porch? Run out a row of windows by the side of the porch.

In the grand Catholic cathedral, over the other side of the avenue, there are all the perpendicular pinnacles terminating in florid finials and the foliated bands and crockets, and there are also entablatures highly carved over the doors, to make the tops of the latter square. All this is outside of the pure Gothic spirit, and is a leaning back to the classical. In the future days, for this reason, the Cathedral of Saint Patrick's will be pronounced a failure. No one can have failed to notice its extreme and precise spirit of uniformity—window beckons to window, aisle to aisle, niche to niche, ornament to ornament. In the Reformed Dutch Church the spirit of uniformity has been utterly, absolutely, and altogether rejected. Here, too, the picturesque roofs of England have been rejected, and an enormous gable roof surmounts the edifice, with a decline which will not suffer the falling snows to remain upon it.

There is another church which shows

much of the same spirit—the Church of the Heavenly Rest. Here the architect had hardly any space for a façade. There are tall brown-stone houses on each side of him, and he had only fifty feet front. He was equal to the occasion. There could be no façade. So he presents a tower and a porch. Now, this porch has in it considerable of the Byzantine feeling, and yet, at the same time, is full of originality. It is rather a portico than a porch, having no side-walls, but inclosing a space between two pillars. The shafts of these are of polished gray granite, the capitals of Nova Scotia sandstone. They represent masses of various flowers, among whose petals one detects the heads of birds. The bases are of the same stone, and are adorned with panels inclosing carvings of birds, very finely and skillfully done. The arch, which springs from the capitals, is semi-pointed, and is decorated by a broad, foliated band, externally. Internally there is another band, on which, in early English characters, is the text, "Rest in the Lord." The broad cornices on either side are carved in low relief with crowns, above which is a plain Greek cross, and, on each side, the palm and the myrtle. The apex of the gable above the arch is surmounted by a very florid finial.

Above the porch rises the tower, in broad belts of party-colored stone, the New York brown-stone and the Nova Scotia. There is a grand window with line-tracery in the best style of early English. Here one must notice that, the object being to get as much light as possible, the architect has shown a wise discrimination in rejecting the plate-tracery. The tower, which is nearly square in shape, is surmounted at the corners by four winged figures, blowing trumpets. There is no absurd castellation to the top; but, just below, there is an arcade-window, which admits light and air. From the top of the tower rises a pyramidal roof-elevation, of the Mansard order, which is surmounted at the apex with some very delicately-wrought metallic finials. The sides of this roof are faced with ornamental tiles, which have a very good effect, and contrast pleasantly with the ribbed zones of color below.

It often happens that the porch is the only part which the architect can dower with much decoration. We are so crowded here in New York that good sites for churches are really out of the question. Hence it is in the chapels and the crockets that our New-Yorkers have most developed their ornamental powers. Unfortunately, there is a dreadful sameness in most of these, owing, undoubtedly, however, to the influence of Trinity Church. The Church of the Divine Paternity, just opposite to the Heavenly Rest, is a queer instance of this. From each side of the impost pillars rises a pinnacle of the most perpendicular spirit. The arch is semi-pointed, and, from want of room, the gable presses down upon it, and seems to squeeze it. The foliated band along the gable edge looks like the lace edging of a nightcap. And the crockets, instead of breaking the stiff monotony of the line, only intensify it. The single happy thing about it is the trefoil ornament above the key-stone of the arch. In

the Church of the Beloved Disciple these faults are avoided. The crockets and foliated bands are ignored altogether. Between the gable of the porch and the arch of the door there is abundant space, which is made an instrument of constructional decoration according to the true spirit of the Gothic; for the trefoil above the key-stone contains the likeness of a dove, emblematic of the Comforting Spirit, and the bands of party-colored stone are arrayed to look like rays of a divine halo around the form.

In the Little Church around the Corner, properly known as the Church of the Transfiguration, but sometimes irreverently known as the Church of the Holy Cucumber-vine, in consequence of its meandering shape, there is a full appreciation of what the Gothic permits. There is ample space, indeed, for a fine, large church, but the trustees have preferred to leave it as a garden. And this is a very pleasing idea. Few persons pass it without feeling inspired with an affectionate regard for the straggling mass of buildings cropping up out of a beautiful garden. The tall trees that leap up to the skies from the green herbage, and wave their branches in the wind, throw delightful mazes of shadow upon the queer tower and the low structures beyond. Sunlight and shade are forever playing with the humble roofs, and the unpunctious porch, and the antique-looking vicarage. One seldom goes by Twenty-ninth Street without seeing some one watching the toying of the sunbeams and the shadows of clouds and branches, and the glowing color of flowers. Grim countenances relax and hard forms unbend at the sight of such tranquil beauty springing up within the turmoil of a great city. And it may be that those who think but ill of religion, and look upon churches with dislike, are brought to gentler views after five minutes' glancing at the humble place. Perhaps that which neither the utmost glory of architecture nor the transcendent peal of the organ, nor all the ecstasy of full mass could do—the melting to softness of a proud heart—may have been done here.

RODOLPHE E. GARCZYNSKI.

VAGRANTS AND VAGRANCY.

IT is a curious feature in modern civilization that there should exist in every country a distinct class which begs its way through life. The same earnestness and labor would insure it moderate prosperity in honest toil. But it prefers the most uncertain ways of living, the absence of comfortable shelter, the risks of imprisonment, and the contempt and enmity of all other classes in society, for the sake of a freedom from conventionalities which offers no positive good and threatens continual evil. Is it a taint in the blood, come down from old border-life? Is it a romantic temper which delights in the adventures of roaming? Or, like savagism, is it inherited? Or is it taking toll in a lawless manner for the sake of what the wise king ascribes to "stolen waters" and "bread eaten in secret places?" Whatever may be the answer, the fact is clear that a

vagrant class, existing from choice, perpetuated through generations, allied by its own bonds, and conscious of its antagonistic character, is to be found not only in every country in Europe, but in America; and is not confined to cities, but roaming at large through the remotest rural districts.

In the New-England and Middle States these vagrants march in families. They possess, as their stock in trade, a rickety wagon, a woe-begone horse, a half-starved cow, a hand-barrow, a quantity of filthy bedding, and pails, axes, crow-bars, old iron, horse-shoes, and rusty hoops. Encamping in the edge of woods, or at the bottom of a glen as remote as possible from a thoroughfare, they build a fireplace of stones, gather fences for fuel, pitch a ragged tent, open out some broken stools and bedsteads, and start in different directions on begging excursions. They are not residents of any township, and are therefore neither registered nor taxed. Their children never go to school. Of books and news of the day they know nothing. Their condition is nomadic, and continues so for generations.

Where Red Hill, having lifted its broad shoulders up from the rocky shores of Lake Winnepesaukee, begins to slope toward those scarred mountains which shut out Northwestern New Hampshire from all travel in that direction, there winds a country-road through as wild a scenery as can be found in New England. It is a hard farming country—the land is stony, the fences all of rock, the houses small and generally unpainted, the crops light, except Indian corn, the garden vegetables meagre and backward, and the people, while frugal and industrious, very poor. The land is worked by oxen. Horses are rarely seen, and then of that shaggy breed of small Canadian roadsters which was introduced here a century ago. Modern improvements have made no invasion into this essentially rural portion of the Granite State. The well-sweep still draws the water, the sickle reaps the grain, the flail threshes the wheat, rye, and oats, the hand-cards make the rolls of wool, and the spinning-wheel twists them into yarn, and in every house there are busy fingers still plying the knitting-needles and throwing the shuttle through the loom. It is the most unaltered portion, by modern customs, of all New England.

Sitting last Fourth of July in the open doorway of the minister's house in this romantic mountain-slope, I observed, winding slowly along the road, a covered wagon drawn by a single horse. It moved painfully forward until it reached the garden-gate. A poor, wretched-looking creature, accompanied by a low-browed tramp, and followed by four or five half-naked children, trudged into the yard, and asked, in a simulated voice, for a peck of wheat-flour.

"We have no flour to spare," answered the lady of the house, "but I will give you a peck of Indian-meal."

"No, thank you, ma'am," was the half-civil reply, "we've done taking Indian-meal."

"Done taking Indian-meal!" I interposed, amazed and indignant at the audacity of the reply; "done taking Indian-meal?"

"Yes, sir," answered the woman; "every-

body offers us Indian, but what we want is flour."

"And who may you be, pray, who dare to be choosers while you are beggars?"

"We be the Rogerses," answered the filthy creature; "everybody knows us on this road."

"The Rogerses," I exclaimed, my memory running back to 1828, when, as a boy, I saw apparently that same spavined horse and tottering cart and half-naked group of children. "Why, you have been on this road forty years!"

"More'n that, sir," was the reply; "me, and dad, and gran'sir has been doin'" (used in the sense of *going*, as the word often is in New Hampshire) "e'enmost sixty years!"

"And they are dead long ago, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did they starve to death?"

"Bless you, no, sir. Gran'sir went off of old age. But dad died of as'ma, though consum'tion was the matter with him."

"Where do you live when you are at home?"

"A doin', sir."

"Not in the winter-time, surely? You can't be moving all winter?"

"Yes, sir."

My landlady assured me that this was, no doubt, true, for that the family had paid them a semi-annual visit ever since her remembrance.

This set of vagabonds, who never worked in their lives, and never would work at any wages; who, father, son, and grandson, had made their regular rounds for more than half a century; who bought no food, owned no roof, had no domicile; and lived simply upon the poultry they stole and the broken victuals they begged through the country-side, is but a representative of a class which actually exists in New England at this very day. From their roving life it is difficult to arrive at any certain figures as to their numbers. The assessor does not trouble them; the tax-gatherer avoids them; the minister owns them as no portion of his flock; and the people help them on to get rid of them. It is said that there are at the very least fifty of these cadger tribes within the six New-England States.

That one-half of the world knows little of how the other half lives, is manifest enough to any one who will keep his eyes open in our large cities. In theory there is no begging in Boston, and it is true that a man may walk the streets there for weeks without being once asked for alms. And yet there is a vagrant class dwelling in the slums of the city, more American than Irish, whose wits, in the wild, out-of-door life they lead, are sharpened by the very measures taken to suppress vagrancy. I was walking through Cambridge Street late of an afternoon last autumn, hurrying home to my dinner, when I was accosted by a young man, shabbily clad, whose arm was suspended in a sling, and asked for aid. I answered "No," and walked onward, quickening my pace. He, nevertheless, followed me, repeating his request, and refusing to be satisfied with the constant, running negative it received, until I reached the bridge. Then, suddenly darting forward and placing himself squarely *vis-à-vis* in my front, he asked, in

perfectly natural but intensely imploring tones:

"And what am I to do, sir?"

At the instant I was startled. The bridge over Charles River, as everybody knows, when it leads off from the thoroughfare, leads also off from the crowd. There was no person near us, and had it been night I should certainly have suspected mischief. The broad daylight and the man's manner, which seemed earnest rather than audacious, reassured me, and I answered:

"Why do you appeal to me? I do not know you."

"And so every one says," he replied. "I am a carpenter, just discharged from the city hospital with a healed wound caused by a circular saw. It is work I want, but in these rags no boss will employ me. Give me some cast-off clothing, sir, and I can then earn my living like an honest man. Don't deny me, please, for indeed I want to do the right thing."

I hesitated for a moment, balancing the two motives of prudence and charity, which everybody has done a thousand times, and then said, "Follow me."

Arrived home, I supplied him with decent garments, and dismissed him with a single charge: "When you have got work, come and see me, that I may know you to be an honest man."

I never saw the man at my house again. Expectation dwindled to uncertainty, and that to doubt, and doubt faded at last to forgetfulness. The poor mechanic had utterly gone from my mind. It was but another experience of fallible judgment, over which after burial of the dead a man inscribes fool.

Yesterday, as the Cambridge cars, in the midst of a driving rain, set me down at Quincy Street, a beggar followed me with earnest appeals for alms. Stalking onward under my umbrella, without giving him more than persistent denial, he suddenly thrust himself before me, and asked, in a voice which, once heard, could never be forgotten:

"And what am I to do, sir?"

I recognized the man instantly. Unfortunately the recognition was mutual. "You scoundrel!" was scarcely out of my mouth when the fellow took to his heels. I learn to-day from the chief of the Boston police that the man is head of a gang of vagrants, and that his consummate skill in begging has made him as well known for several years to the detectives in New York, Albany, and Buffalo, as he is here.

It is a mistake to couple vagrancy with crime. No doubt the one leads directly to the other. But the mere act of travelling from place to place is not criminal, nor is the solicitation of alms, however adroitly done. Everywhere vagrants fall into a lower class, even in their own estimation, than those who live by thieving.

Henry Mayhew, who says that vagrancy is everywhere the nursery of crime, in 1864 called together, in London, a meeting of vagrants. It was a sad spectacle of squalor, rags, and wretchedness. There were in some few instances the manly expression and ingenuous countenance of honest youth, but far

more common were the deep-sunk and half-averted eyes of the conscious wrong-doer.

There were one hundred and seventy vagrants present, varying in age from six years to thirty-five. At the outset the meeting was disorderly. Ribald jokes and peals of laughter threatened to break it up. A lad would bray like a jackass or crow like a cock, when instantly a hundred and seventy donkeys and as many cocks made the room hideous with braying and crowing. A negro entered the room, when instantly there went up a chorus of "Sweep-ho, sweep!" that almost rent the roof. Pretty soon, however, Mr. Mayhew, whom they all knew, succeeded in getting a hearing, and began to ask questions, to which prompt answers were given. One had been imprisoned six times, another ten, a third twelve, and a fourth twenty; but, when a boy of only thirteen confessed to having been in jail twenty-nine times, the announcement was received with tumultuous applause.

Out of the number, ninety-one could read and write. Their favorite books were the "Newgate Calendar" and "Claude Duval," "Dick Turpin" and "Jack Sheppard." Many knew these and other popular vagrant works from hearing them read aloud in the lodging-houses. When asked what they thought of Jack Sheppard, the reply was universal, "Oh, he's a regular brick!" One or two of the conversations that took place are worth recording. Mr. Mayhew asked a bullet-headed boy, whose face was grimed with dirt, how old he was.

"Goin' on for eight," he replied.

"Where are your parents?" pursued Mr. Mayhew.

"I ain't got none; father's dead, and mother's gone away somewhere."

"Where do you sleep?"

"In the ricks ven I'm on the road, and under the harches ven in Lunnun."

Of another boy, smaller and grimmer than the former, Mr. Mayhew asked:

"How old are you, Hawkins?"

"I'm all six," was the reply.

"Where did you sleep last?"

"In a wan."

"Before that?"

"Oh, I don't know—in Hyde Park, or in the wegitable heaps" (garbage) "in Covent Garden, or on the boats."

"Who is your father?"

"I ain't got a father, and mother's gone away."

Unsatisfactory as the meeting was, it nevertheless resulted in the formation of schools for vagrants, which are doing a good work.

In a recent sanitary report in England the curious subject of *vagrant literature* was opened up, illustrated by strange and somewhat startling statements. That there is such a literature, both in Europe and the United States, common to both continents, and perfectly well understood by the initiated, whether conveyed by hieroglyphic marks or pantomimic signs, recent inquiries show to be beyond doubt. In every large city, as well in New York as London, in Cincinnati as Berlin, the vagrant's marks may be seen on pavement and door-step, street-corner and

boundary-wall. They are simply chalk-lines, attractive of no attention, suggestive of no meaning. Let any one examine the entrances to any respectable court, the areas before kitchen-doors, or the passages into squares, in any considerable town here or in Europe, and he will find the vagrant's chalk-mark. Unmeaning as these marks appear, they nevertheless inform succeeding vagrants of all they require. A cipher, with a twisted tail projecting toward the place, indicates "Go on;" projecting from the place, indicates "Go away." A cross is "Too poor;" a square or parallelogram, "Cross, mind the dog;" a triangle, "Used up;" the letter O, with a centre dot, "Dangerous;" and, with a central cross, "Religious;" a diamond-shaped figure, "Good, but cheese your patter" (don't talk much).

Where mendicancy is reduced to a more perfect system than with us, as in England or Prussia—a system calculated to save time and realize largest profits—there are other signs through which parties communicate with each other. A handful of grass strewn down one of four cross-roads, indicates the direction the gang have gone, or if it be night, a cleft stick with an arm pointing down the road. In the *padden-tens* or tramp lodging-houses all over England, there hangs over the kitchen fireplace a rude pencil-map of the districts, dotted with memoranda. There is also kept a walking-paper, on which names of adjacent villages, arranged in six-mile circuits, are set down, so that the tramp may complete a circuit each day. Boughs dropped by the way-side, on the left hand; four stones placed in circle, or square, or triangle, or straight line, upon an upturned turf under a hedge-row; a branch of hawthorn topped with a knife; a rude figure of dog or horse cut by shears on the greensward; and even picked bones and the lousy "tear-ups" (rags) cast behind the fences—are all made to do service in this literature of vagabonds.

There is also a language of signs—a pantomimic language—in well-understood use among the cadging community, which also extends throughout the dangerous classes. To limp as if lame means "Don't go in that direction;" to wipe the brow, "Have a care of Bobby" (policeman); and to use a red handkerchief, "I have not peached." This last is called the murderer's signal, is not uncommonly displayed by the felon from the gallows before he is swung off, and is a perfectly well-understood token that the man dies without having betrayed professional secrets.

It is a curious fact that the cant phrases of the vagrant tribe are as much in use and as well understood in this country as in England. It is still more curious that this cant language exhibits the same kind of growth as the most completely formed tongues—that is, the gathering words from foreign sources. To its vocabulary, Norman and Saxon, Scotch and French, Italian and Spanish, and even the old classics, have contributed. Mayhew remarks truly that English cant is formed on the same basis as French *Argot* and German *Rothprache*—partly metaphorical and partly corrupt foreign terms. To those who are in-

terested in this subject, the "Slang Dictionary," published in London a few years ago, would be of service.

To illustrate the absurdity of some English ejaculations, Tom Hood said that, having once consented to contribute to a magazine upon very small pay, upon the condition that the principle could be properly carried out, he wrote to his tradesmen that, for the sake of cheap literature, he must hereafter be supplied from their shops at nearly cost rates. His butcher replied as follows:

"SIR:

"Respectin' your note, cheap literater be blowed! Butchers must live as other pepel—and if so be you or the readin' publick wants to have meat at prime cost, you must buy your own beastesses and kill yourselves. I remain, &c.,

"JOHN STOKES."

The cant phrase, *shant of gatter* (pot of beer), universal in ale-guzzling England, seems never to have come over the water, probably because malt liquors are not our national beverage. A curious street-melody, sung before houses for alms, and known in Seven Dials as "Bet, the Coaley's Daughter," introduces the word and several cant phrases quite ingeniously:

"But when I strove my flame to tell,
Says she, 'Come, stoves that patter,
If you're a cove wot likes a gal,
Vy don't you stand some gatter?'
In course, I instantly complied:
Two brimming quarts of porter,
With four full goes of gin beside,
Drained Bet, the Coaley's daughter."

Noß, mob, and mob, were originally slang words, used by vagrants to designate a person of the upper class, of the lower class, and the crowd. The last has come to be acknowledged in good society. The first two, though in general use in England outside of the vagrants, have never obtained a *locus standi* with us. Their imputed parentage, *nobs* from *nobles*, and *mobs* from *sine nobilitate*, is ingenious, if not correct.

There is one peculiarity in vagrant vernacular that is worth noting, though it offers no new fact to philologists, is not remarkable for originality, and, unlike most low languages, possesses no spice of humor. The main principle upon which this peculiarity revolves, is to spell and pronounce the substantives in any sentence backward. *Yennep*, in this way, stands for penny; *out-yennep*, for twopenny; *erth-yennep*, for threepence; *rouf-yennep*, for fourpence, and so on. *Gin* becomes shilling, and *out gins* two shillings. *Yenork* is a crown, and *dunop* a pound. This back language has become, in course of time, a regular mode of speech, the words never being referred to their originals. In the street, at market, or in prison, the vagrants use this language with each other, thus keeping their natural enemy the policeman in ignorance. *Cool the enlop* (look for police) is almost the only vagrant phrase with which any of the constabulary force become familiar.

It is said that all races are divided between wanderers and settlers, and that the latter always have some horde preying upon them. Dean Swift, in allusion to this fact as

existing in England, satirized the state of society there in an amusing doggerel:

"Great fleas have smaller fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em;
The smaller fleas have other fleas,
And so, ad infinitum."

The Africans at the Cape of Good Hope are pestered by the miserable Sonquas, the former being laborers, and the latter vagrants; and the thriving Kaffres are eaten up by the hungry Fingoes. It is the same in South America and among the Oceanic Islands—idle tramps everywhere fattening upon industrious laborers. Manning says that this restless part of the human race is distinguished by the same physical characteristics in all parts of the world—large jaws, high heads, narrow foreheads, nervous hands, shambling legs and arms, and quick, restless eyes. It is also distinguished everywhere by its cant language: in Africa, called *Cuze-cat*; in Finland, *Lapp*; in France, *Argot*; in Germany, *Rothwisch*; and in Italy, *Gergo*. An investigation of the origin and principles of these vagrant languages would be of interest to the philologist, and would show remarkable instances of lingual communication, made perfectly secret by the introduction of the merest trifle of arbitrary matter.

Cant is derived from *chaunt*, a beggar's whine; but slang is purely a Gypsy term, synonymous with *gibberish*. The one is old, the other ever-changing. To a vagrant, a horse is a *prad*; to a man of fashion, a *spanker*. The former is cant, the latter slang. Cant was formed for purposes of secrecy; slang is indulged in from a love of show. The words are not synonyms.

Mr. Spurgeon had told Dr. Thompson that the village of Maidstone, where the latter was about to stop, was a *dark* place.

"What did you mean by calling Maidstone *dark*?" asked the doctor, on his return. "I found the streets broad, the houses pretty, the gardens cheerful, and the country around charming. It appeared to me any thing but *dark*."

"I meant," replied the great pulpit orator, "that the Gospel was not preached there."

That was slang—that use of the word "dark."

But when a vagrant uses the word *cove* for woman, and *keifer* for girl, *Mullingar keifer* for a strong young maiden, as he and his tribe have done these hundred years, that is cant. *Go*, for a drink, is cant; *inexpressibles*, for trousers, is slang; a clergyman's *seals* (converts) is cant; but will "*five bob bring it!*" be slang; to *tool a deag down to the Derby*, is cant; *which was coming it strong* (like Ah Sin), is slang.

The origin of the vagrant words for fine girl, *Mullingar keifer*, is too good to be left untold: Many years ago a traveler, passing through Mullingar, was struck with the thick ankles of the women, and made inquiry about the local peculiarity.

"May I ask," said he to a strapping girl, "if you wear hay in your shoes?"

"Faith an' I do," replied the damsel, "and what then?"

"Oh, nothing," added the stranger, "only that accounts for the calves of your legs coming down to fodder."

N. S. DODGE.

A MEADOW-SONG.

COME into the meadow, love,
Come in unto me;
And sit in the shadow, love,
Of the sycamore-tree:
For cool is the sycamore's shade,
But warm my love for thee, dear maid;
And the cool and the warm must be—
Love's perfect atmosphere, d'y'see!

Come into the meadow, love,
Come in unto me;
And sing in the shadow, love,
Of the sycamore-tree.
The birds warble loud on its bough,
But we, at its foot, will sing low;
And the loud and the low, d'y'see—
Only love's perfect speech can be!

Come into the meadow, love,
Come in unto me,
And dream in the shadow, love,
Of the sycamore-tree;
High upon its branch is a nest,
And there's room for one in my breast;
And the nest and the need, maybe—
A hint of my dream, love, to thee!

MISCELLANY.

THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

WOULD you like to see how the world has grown? Do you desire to measure her stature? Then compare the measured and rigid figures, narrow-cheated, meagre, and lustreless, left by Fra Angelico in Florence as the testament of the middle age, with those bold, athletic, gigantic, and herculean figures left by Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel—the glory of the Renaissance.

Imagine a vast plane ceiling, lighted by twelve windows, and divided from the side-walls by a cornice. Time, the smoke of the incense, and the waxen tapers, have toned it to a duskiess which increases its mystery. They do not seem pictures; from the powerful incarnation, from the prominence of the design, from the relief of the figures, they appear sculptures. It is the apotheosis of the renewed human body. On the frieze of the cornice and over the windows, stretched out, on foot, and in improbable attitudes and positions, are vigorous undraped athletics, with nerves vibrating as the strings of a harp, and with fibres hardened by gymnastic exercises; beautiful youths who have fought for Rome on battle-fields, or who, turning to the classic shores of Greece, have guided the car with its four coursers in the Olympic games. The genius of Michael Angelo called again upon earth the heroes of past ages; converted stones into men, and audaciously sealing the summit of Catholic Rome, as if it were the ancient Olympus, celebrated with rapture a new existence and a new era, the resurrection of gods, philosophers, poets, of the arts, and of his country!

Here classical reminiscences are concluded. The remainder of the roof has neither precedent nor sequence. It remains there, fixed on the human mind, like the first verses of the Bible, or as the isolated peaks of Mount Sinai, of Calvary, or the Capitol, in the plains of history. There are sibyls and prophets. The former come from Delphi, Cumæ, Erythraea, Libya; after having collected among the oaks of Dodona, on the shores of the Ægean and Tyrrhene Seas, from the grottoes of Posilippo, or the Gulfs of Corinth and of Baim, the prophecies, the hopes, the promises of Redemption which poets have ex-

pressed in their verses and philosophers in their discourses. The prophets come from the desert, from Mount Carmel, from the caves of Jerusalem, from the primitive groves of Lebanon; after having collected the consolatory hopes of the priesthood, they unite with the sibyls in the Sistine Chapel as two Titanic choirs whose combined strength supports the roof from which issue these marvelous paintings, unique from their size, from the scriptural allegories and tragedies they so admirably depict.

Chaos submerged in shadows; the first light dawning over the waters; Adam, sleeping profoundly; Eve newly created, awakening in the ecstasy of love and enchantment with the life she beholds blooming around—the life she breathes and absorbs with delight; the first sin committed in the world, depriving the first human pair of paradise, and the first sorrow which burdened the heart, robbing it of peace and innocence; the deluge whirling its green waters of bitterness, crossed by the lightning, and pressed by the hurricane up to the heights where the last men climb to save themselves in the extremity of desolation and despair; the sacrifice of Noah on the mountain as a sign of the perpetuity of Nature and of the salvation of the species—all grouped, all united, giants, sibyls, prophets, storms, hurricanes, floods—around that majestic and sublime figure of the Eternal Father, who animates and invigorates all these creatures by his creating breath, governing them by his powerful and protecting hand, and irradiating their minds by a ray from his own omniscience!

After examining the combination, let us go into particulars. How wonderful is each of these figures! One cannot comprehend how the poor genius of man has performed so much. I have seen artists in mute contemplation before these frescos, let fall their arms in astonishment, and shake their heads in desperation, as if saying, "Never can we copy this!" The three fates whom Goethe saw in a cavern holding the thread of life are less sublime than these sibyls. The giants of the Bible and of classic poetry are inferior to these prophets. Isaiah is reading the book of human destiny. His cerebrum is like the curve of a celestial sphere, an urn of ideas, as the tops of high mountains are the crystal sources from which descend great rivers. The angel calls him, and, without dropping his book, he slowly raises his head toward heaven, as if suspended between two infinities. Jeremiah wears the sackcloth of the penitent, which suits the prophet wandering near Jerusalem. His lips vibrate like a conqueror's trumpet. His beard falls in wavy masses upon his breast. His head is inclined like the crown of a cedar struck by the lightning. His melancholy eyes overflow with tears. His hands are vigorous, but swelled by bearing the tottering stones of the sanctuary. He is thinking of the complaint and the elegies of the children of Israel, captives by the waters of Babylon, and the pitiful lamentation of the Queen of Nations, solitary and desolate as a widow.

Ezekiel is transported; his spirit possesses him. He speaks with his visions as if occupied with a divine delirium. Invisible monsters hover around and shake their wings in his hearing, producing apparently a violent tempest like the roaring and surging of the ocean. The sea-breeze fills his mantle as if it were a sail. Daniel is himself; absolutely absorbed in writing, relating to the world the history of the chastisement of tyrants, and the hopes and happiness of the good; the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar—changed from a god into a beast; the crime and punishment of Belshazzar, surprised by death in the midst of the orgy where he feasted his concubines, giving them wine in the cups

stolen from the sacred temple; the condemnation of the courtiers of Darius, devoured in the pit by hungry lions. After this a space of seventy periods of years passes; at the end of which, according to the prediction of the angel Gabriel, will appear an humble youth, clothed in white linen, who shall awaken with his word the dead sleeping in the dust of ages, and make the firmament glorious with a new splendor. Jonah is terrified, as, raising from the bosom of the sea to go into the desert, he watches the fate of the great city of Nineveh. Zachariah is the most aged of the group. He staggers, as if the ground was rent under his feet, by the trembling of the earthquake announced in his last prophecy.

What is most admirable about those colossal figures—and this we can never weary of admiring—is, that not only are they decorations of a hall, the adornments of a chapel, but men—men who have suffered our sorrows and experienced our disappointments; whom the thorns of the earth have pierced; whose foreheads are furrowed by the wrinkles of doubt, and whose hearts are transfixed by the chill of disenchantment; men who have seen battles and beheld the slaughter of their fellows; who have looked on tragedies where generations are consumed, and who see falling on their brows the damp of death, while seeking to prepare by their efforts a new society; whose eyes are worn and almost blind from looking continually at the movable and changing glass of time, and at humanity exhausted by the slow fire of ideas; men whose powerful and concentrated nerves support the weight of their great souls, and upon the souls the still greater burden of aspirations which admit not of realization; of impossible dreams and of painful struggles without victory; with no satisfaction on the earth, but with boundless desires for the infinite.

I should like to define these figures. For all that in them approaches humanity in respect to form and organization, they are really superhuman. All those gigantic and extraordinary beings which the various cosmogonies assume to have sprung from the first fruitfulness of the newly-created planet, teeming with life and expansion—all of them are believed to have been of gigantic stature. But for all that they possess of spirit or durability, all are alike human, all the offspring of those two elements of our existence which have produced so much grandeur—aspersion for the infinite and sorrow for reality, against which the soul is in perpetual warfare, against which it ever dashes despairingly, longing vainly to diffuse itself in the invisible, in immensity, in the mysterious, and returns baffled to fall upon its narrow bed of clay with sighs and trembling.

The humanitarian, conciliatory, and universal spirit of the sixteenth century is seen in these sibyls of paganism, who are raised to the level of the prophets, placed side by side with them, repeating the same sentiments, declaring the same truths, like two separate choirs, whose voices and canticles blend in harmony and are confounded in the heavens. The same union takes place in the laboratory of the atmosphere, where the vapors exhaled from distant seas are mingled, just as the electric fluid leaps from mountain to mountain!—"Old Rome and New Italy," by Emilio Castelar.

WINES IN OLD TIMES.

That the native home and cradle of the grape lay in Asia is a lesson that sacred and profane history unite to teach us. The conquering march of Bacchus is one of the most graceful myths that ever employed the fiery imagination of a Greek poet, or the dexterous pencil of a Greek limner. High on his leopard-drawn car, the victor came westward in blood-

less triumph, flowers springing unbidden into life beneath the wheels of his chariot, music causing the very air to throb with a tempest of sweet sounds, art, and science, plenty and prosperity, following in his train. There was nothing of cruelty, nothing of suffering, to mar that pageant. If a pointless spear appeared, it was girt around with clinging ivy; if a standard rose above the long array of harmless invaders, it was wreathed with vine-tendrils, from which the heavy grapes dangled temptingly. True, Silenus, drowsy and grotesque, was nodding on his long-eared steed, and goat-footed satyrs, and wild-eyed bacchantes, danced to pipe and tabor along the line of march, but the general idea was one of universal bounty, gentleness, and goodwill. The Greeks, like the Jews, seemed to have received wine as one of the chief blessings of life; a temperate race by habit and constitution, they used it more than they abused it, and the allusions to the grape in Hellenic poetry are more decorous and respectful than those which stud the pages of the authors of self-indulgent Rome.

The Romans, fond as they were of wine, had but a limited area whence to replenish their cellars. The Falernian which Horace loved so well, was perhaps their most expensive as well as their choicest beverage, but, preferable to all the other vintages of Italy, was the crimson grape-juice that came in tall jars from Lesbos, from Chios, and the other sun-gilded isles of Greece. It was only some exceptionally delicate wine that was deemed worth the storing and sealing in those huge stone amphoræ, which we may yet behold in the museum of Naples. Goat-skins and pig-skins, the leathern "bottles" mentioned in Scripture, were the usual recipients for the coarser growths, and these, as is still the case in Spain, yielded a marked and disagreeable flavor to the wine which they contained. There were grapes in the Spanish peninsula, even before the siege of Saguntum and the struggle for mastery between Roman and Carthaginian, and there were grapes in Gaul. But a Celtic population is usually more prone to brew beer than to go through the labors of pruning and pressing, and not much wine was made in the western provinces of the bloated empire until Roman colonists had taken the culture into their own hands. The frozen wine, which unhappy Ovid, in his exile on the Danube, saw in ruddy lumps and thawed in hot water, was most probably an importation from Umbria or from Thrace. The Hungarian vineyards, the terraced rows of vines that clothe the sterile sides of the Rhenish cliffs, the acres of valuable plants that dower Champagne with a wealth beyond that of corn or oil, had as yet no existence.

The Norman Conquest found Europe, as regarded the growth, manufacture, and sale of wine, in a transitional state. Italy, in the vinous scale, attained to perhaps the highest rank, although Burgundian grapes already yielded their liquid ruby to fill the *hanaps* of such knights and princes as dwelt between Loire and Rhine, while Aquitaine sent many a cask of Gascon wine to the port of London, before the landing at Pevensey, and the defeat of Senlac. But England did not depend entirely on Ypres or Bordeaux for her supply of wine. Old charters, the by-gone names of half-forgotten vineyards belonging to monastic houses, prove that the cultivation of the grape, even up to the Roman wall and the banks of Tweed, was once by far more frequent than it now is. England was probably the most northerly of those countries in which vines were growing at the time of the great millenary jubilee, and that they flourished at all is a proof how resolute were the monks to drink what the difficulties of land-transport debarrd to those who lived too remote from the coast. London and Bristol, Boston and Norwich, could pick and choose between the

amber Rhenish and the crimson nectar from the Garonne, but a long stretch of dry land was a serious impediment to the carriage of so bulky an article of commerce. Meanwhile, the vineyards of Lombardy, from one of which came that famous growth, the temptations of which, as commemorated in Ferrara by the emphatic words, "Eat! eat! eat!" proved fatal to the bibulous German bishop, who, on his road to Rome, sent on a mounted servant to taste and note the best vintages at every inn, preserved their classic renown. But wine was all but an unknown beverage to the ale-drinking Scandinavians, to Wend and Pole, Prussian and Muscovite, whose ordinary drink was black beer, with a horn of bright honey-distilled mead for high-tide and holiday. Spain contributed no wine to the markets of rich England and richer Flanders, for the miscreant Saracens had grubbed up the vines of Andalusia, and sherry continued to be almost unknown to foreign consumers, until the final ruin of the Moorish empire on this side of the Straits of Gibraltar.

The political connection, for so many years, between our island and the southwestern provinces of France, no doubt helped to bring about the fact that, when at coronation-feast or thanksgiving for victory, our London fountains spouted forth showers of red wine to be thirstily swallowed by the shouting populace, it was Bordeaux that supplied the liquor. But, even had our Gascon wine-growers not been subjects of the same sovereign as their English customers, there would still have remained the broad fact that a ship could unload at a Thames wharf the hogsheds that she had taken on board of her when lying beside a quay on the Garonne, while our wool and our silver were as welcome in Aquitaine as were the casks of claret to the vintners of London. Accordingly, long after the Plantagenets' possessions in France were limited to the single town of Calais, the consumption of French wines in London continued to be very great, until the taste for Spanish wines, and notably for that gold-tinted luscious compound of sugar, spice, and sherry, of which Falstaff speaks so lovingly under its familiar name of sack, rose to its apogee in the reign of Elizabeth.

King James I. took the trouble to import for his own drinking the strong Greek wines, strange to English palates of the seventeenth century, which had once been sufficiently abundant in the cellars of the Knight Templar. On the table of the Scottish Solomon might be seen dusty flasks of Cyprus, with its strong twang, due to the presence of tannin to excess, and yellow Malvoisie from Zara, and purple Chios, and that rough and red Tenedos with which British fleets of a later day have been supplied. The Puritans, who dethroned and beheaded his successor, although by no means averse to ale, brandy, and Geneva, were no great patrons of wine, a liquor which was, indeed, held in one time in suspicion, as that in which malignants were wont in secret to pledge one another to the happy return of the "young man." That long-looked-for event at length took place, and wine was once more first favorite. Sack was now no longer in fashion, and claret was the drink of polite England, though some of the more dashing young bloods about the king's court affected champagne, the merits of which Charles had probably learned during his Continental Odyssey, but at which it is more than likely that the old cavaliers, who had fought under Rupert, looked with some contempt. Champagne was not, under either the Stuarts or the early Georges, what it has since become. At the Regent Philip's famous suppers, the gorgeous lackeys uncorked a dozen flasks of Burgundy for every bottle of the sparkling grape-juice of Epernay.

The conclusion of the Methuen treaty brought port-wine into fashion among our

great-grandfathers, and claret was displaced to an extent which would have been mischievous indeed to Gascon wine-growers, had not the latter, fortunately for them, found a new market, that made up for the partial loss of English custom. The Maréchal de Richelieu, sometime governor of Gascony, really believed to the end of his life that he owed the reestablishment of his health to the good wine of the district, and his praises of the southern growth, and his influence with Louis XV., made Bordeaux fashionable. Up to that time, the more costly wines consumed in France had come from Burgundy and from the Rhone, while a hundred petty vintages, thin and sour for the most part, supplied the demand for a cheap beverage. In England, on the other hand, port was a usurper that rose on the ruins of its older rival, claret. It came to be considered, economical questions apart, as a Briton's duty to stick to port. The punch-bowl had assumed the dignity of a national institution, but wine was still needed, and it was thought better to buy it from our allies than to deal, through the agency of unscrupulous smugglers or suspected neutrals, with the natural enemies of our glorious constitution. Thus port, to the great encouragement and diffusion of gout and other ailments, came to be drunk to indiscretion among us, and claret gradually grew to be looked on as an expensive luxury, and to be charged for accordingly.—*All the Year Round.*

WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth's poems seem to me, at the least and at the lowest, to give an intellectual pleasure which is at once innocent and ennobling. They will create in those who master them a sympathy with loftiness of character and purity of soul; and they will teach high and independent principles of judgment to be applied in life to all things and all people. Is this kind of thing worth study? Is fine art, is great literature, is intellectual cultivation of the value, have they each and all the merit, which their advocates maintain they have? We have lived to hear this disputed, and it is worth while for a moment to see, if we can, what in this matter the truth really is. A great statesman, the other day, said that the violin and all that proceeded from it was as great an effort of the mere intellect as the steam-engine. "What" it was immediately replied by a man of very high rank, "what have all the men who have scraped for three hundred years on squeaking strings done for mankind compared to one steam-engine?" That depends on what is meant by the words "done for mankind." I can hardly suppose that it was meant to be implied that there is no good in music, that mankind would have been just as well off if Mozart and Beethoven had never lived, that Handel is nonsense, and Haydn stuff—

"Since naught so stockish hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature;
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus—
Let no such man be trusted."

So says Shakespeare; but, to be sure, he was a mere poet. "To many men," says another great man, "the very names which the science of music employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, and of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious strings of the heart, and keen emotions and strange yearn-

ings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes, and goes, and begins, and ends, in itself? It is not so. It cannot be. No. They have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our home; they are the voices of angels, or the *magnificat* of saints, or the living laws of divine governance, or the divine attributes. Something are they besides themselves which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter, though mortal man—and he, perhaps, not otherwise distinguished above his fellows—has the power of eliciting them."

This eloquent passage of Dr. Newman may appear to some men extravagant, but not a whit more so than the passage about the squeaking strings appears to others. The truth is, that there is no use in these attempts to compare as to results things which in their nature do not admit of comparison. It is no doubt quite true that you can learn a great deal of a certain kind, from studying a collection of well-drawn engineering specifications, which you would never learn from reading Wordsworth; but it is also true that you can learn a great deal of a certain other kind from reading Wordsworth which you could never learn from all the specifications in the world. Rhetorical antitheses of this kind are really very misleading, and sometimes very mischievous. We have heard, for example, a distinguished man say that he would rather see England free than sober. Well, but where is the natural oppugnancy between freedom and sobriety? Is it impossible to be at once temperate and free? Is drunkenness necessary to avoid slavery? If not, such phrases as suggest the contrary do infinite mischief. So, again, it is often said, it is better to be religious than orthodox. Well, but is it impossible to be both? Is acquiescence in authority in matters of opinion consistent only with coldness of devotion or laxity of life? So, again, you may hear it said that an acquaintance with natural science is of far more value than a knowledge of history, or than the cultivation of the imagination; and that a great many things are much better than a great many other things. What then?—All this is surely very narrow. There is room enough in the world, and in the infinite variety of mankind, for all pursuits, and all kinds of study and education. When I, or any one else of common-sense, insist on the importance of any particular subject, of course it is not meant that there is nothing else important in the world. All things have their place; and it is the narrow and weak mind only which denies its place to a subject because the particular mind happens not to care for it or understand it. Those, for example, if any such there really be, who can see nothing, and who deny that there is any thing at all in music, are to be sincerely pitied, either as men of narrow and half-educated minds, or because it has pleased God to deny them a sense which has been granted to their more richly-gifted fellows. Those, too, who can see nothing at all, and who, therefore, deny that there is any thing at all, in poetry and other works of imagination, and who can derive therefrom no profit and no instruction whatever, are no doubt entitled to their opinions; but they must bear to be told that they are no judges of what they have been denied the faculties for understanding, and that to us they seem very poor and imperfect creatures, and objects not certainly of scorn, but of wonder and of compassion.

It is said that Wolfe, when just about to scale the Heights of Abraham and win the battle which has immortalized his name, quoted, with deep feeling and glowing eulogy, some of the stanzas of Gray's "Elegy." Stories implying the same sort of mind are told

of that noble soldier, Sir John Moore. In such minds as theirs the practical and the imaginative could both find room, and they were none the worse, perhaps they were the better soldiers, because they were men of cultivated intellects. And this is really what I maintain; that in sense and reason each study has its place and its function. I do not underrate science, nor decry invention, because I advocate the study of a great and high-minded writer, any more than because I insist upon the study of Wordsworth I forget that Homer, and Virgil, and Dante, and Shakespeare, and Milton, are yet greater than he, and yet more worthy study.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE CAST OF BEETHOVEN.

Danhauser, the painter, was an ardent admirer of Beethoven, whom he had met at many musical gatherings in Vienna. It is undoubtedly true that Beethoven was rather brusque, and carefully avoided forming any new acquaintanceship whatever, but Danhauser's frank and affable manners produced a very favorable impression on him. After the two had met accidentally several times, Danhauser thought he should like to take a cast of Beethoven's face, so as to preserve for posterity a faithful portrait of the great man. He mentioned his wish on the first opportunity, but Beethoven, under various pretexts, endeavored to avoid compliance, confessing that he had not the slightest wish to see his features reproduced, and that he was too impatient to endure being posed. Danhauser, however, was not so easily beaten. He never ceased vaunting the merit of a model taken from Nature, adding that Beethoven owed it to posterity to hand down to them his features. Danhauser pleaded his cause so warmly, that at length Beethoven yielded, and a day was named for him to go to the painter's house. At that time, besides painting in oil, Danhauser devoted a great deal of his time to modeling, and inventing patterns, for a manufactory of furniture and wood-carvings, left him by his father.

Joseph Danhauser, a pupil of Peter Craft, was born at Vienna, in 1805. His *genre* pictures are very valuable. Among the best known are "The Oculist," "The Opening of the Will," and the "Convent Supper." Many of his historical pictures, also, are worthy of notice, especially the picture which adorns the high altar of the Cathedral, Eylan, and which represents Saint Stephen and Abraham repudiating Agar. Danhauser died in the flower of his age in 1845, in his father's house, Vienna. His name has been given to the street he inhabited.

At last the day so impatiently expected, arrived; the day on which Beethoven had promised to go to Danhauser's. The great composer kept his word, and was most warmly welcomed. After a short conversation, Danhauser prepared for work. Beethoven, after taking off his cloak and cravat, was requested to sit down.

"You will not hurt my head, I suppose," observed the composer, somewhat dismayed at the preparations he beheld going on.

Danhauser tranquillized him, promising to be quick, so as to abbreviate as much as possible any thing there might be disagreeable in the process. To Beethoven's great astonishment, the painter began by pasting thin strips of paper on his eyebrows, and by smearing with an oleaginous liquid all parts of his face where there was any hair. He then asked the composer to put a small tube in his mouth, and to shut his eyes. The reader must know that, to take the cast of a face, the latter is covered with tepid plaster in a liquid state. The plaster soon gets cold, and forms a solid mass, which, when removed, contains the exact lineaments of the

countenance. The operation is exceedingly disagreeable for those subjected to it, because the face is, so to speak, walled in, and the patient can breathe only through a small pipe or tube. Besides this, the plaster, when drying, produces a very painful sensation, to say nothing of the fact that it is no easy matter to remove the cast, because every hair adhering to the plaster is productive of pain. Danhauser had purposely omitted explaining all this to the composer, for fear the latter should refuse to undergo the ordeal. Beethoven had, therefore, not the slightest suspicion of what was in store for him. After the first few passes of the brush employed to lay on the plaster, he seemed alarmed, but, when the plaster, in drying, began swelling and irritating his cheeks and forehead, he was both horrified and greatly enraged. He bounded to his feet, with his hair on end, and, while endeavoring to get rid of the plaster, exclaimed:

"You are an impostor, a scoundrel, a monster!"

"For Heaven's sake, *Capellmeister!*!" stammered Danhauser, confused and stupefied. But Beethoven, without allowing him to conclude his sentence, vociferated furiously:

"Blackguard—cannibal!"

"Permit me to—" said Danhauser.

"Keep off!" roared Beethoven. Flinging his chair away, and catching up his cloak and hat, he rushed toward the door. Danhauser ran after him to offer his excuses. But Beethoven, without deigning to hear a word, exclaimed: "Be off, you villain, knave, assassin. Take care never to come near me, for I will strangle you!"

Having uttered these words, he went out, swearing and stamping his feet, with his face all plastered over with white, like that of the spectre in "Don Juan." The door was slammed violently to, and the unfortunate painter, terrified and confused, could still hear at a distance the maledictions and imprecations which the composer was hurling at his head. After that Beethoven would not hold the slightest communication with Danhauser. Every time he saw him, even at a distance, he flew into a passion, and avoided him as much as he could.

It was not long, however, before Danhauser did take a cast of the great composer's face after all, and that, too, without exciting any outburst of rage. Beethoven was dead! —*La Gazette Musicale.*

CASTLE SCHARFENBERG.

The most beautiful region of Northern Germany is the superb valley of the Upper Elbe, in the kingdom of Saxony; and there, about four miles from the lively and beautiful city of Meissen, stands one of the relics of the middle ages, Castle Scharfenberg, than which all Germany contains nothing more picturesque and romantic, excepting the grand old ruins of the castle of Heidelberg.

Castle Scharfenberg is the oldest castle still standing in the mountainous part of Saxon Misnia. Some historians date its origin from the times of the Emperor Henry I., who, they said, built it as a stronghold against the hostile Sorbe heathens at the time when the latter made sad havoc in the extreme eastern districts of the German Empire. Be this as it may, at the time of Rudolph of Hapsburg, Castle Scharfenberg was partially destroyed, and it remained in ruins until the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, in 1618, when the noble knight, Sigismund of Miltitz, rebuilt it in its original shape, in which it is still preserved, the delight of the tourists who visit it, and who find in it, at almost every step, something calculated to conjure up before their minds the grandeur and splendor of

past ages, and of antiquarians, to whom it proves an inexhaustible mine for their studies and researches.

This picturesque relic of the age of knight-hood and the Minnesingers is situated on the crest of the Scharfenberg—that is to say, the Steep Mountain—upward of two hundred feet above the Elbe River; and, strange to say, in the last few years it has been discovered that the building had been erected directly over the entrance to a silver-mine of great value. Since 1871 this mine, which for four hundred years had lain dormant underneath the old castle, has been worked again, and it now yields the proprietors of Castle Scharfenberg an annual revenue of one hundred thousand dollars.

Castle Scharfenberg is still in the same condition in which it was in 1618, and you reach it by the same convenient road which the good Sir Sigismund of Miltitz built in that year from the river-bank up to the front portal of the castle. When you reach the latter, you believe yourself to have suddenly been placed back—maybe by a magician's wand—into the early part of the sixteenth century. Whose is that gigantic statue above the heavy old portal—a knight who seems to be about to jump down from the niche? Legend says that that was the Knight Thalgun von Hirtten, a poor vassal of the Miltitzes, who, during the Thirty Years' War, when Castle Scharfenberg was sorely pressed by the imperialists, boldly jumped down from the second story of the castle into the midst of the enemy, made terrible havoc with his trusty blade among them, and spread such terror among them that they took to their heels, leaving him victorious, but mortally wounded, on the field.

Entering the castle, you ascend the curious old staircase and pass into the wassail-room. What picturesque and ancient old tables, chairs, and sideboards! One of the latter consists of burned clay. It is very large, and contains the *basso-relievo* busts of most of the German emperors of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. You find there, also, wonderfully-shaped goblets, antlers mounted with silver, and coats-of-arms—all of them vividly recalling the peculiarities of the era of German chivalry.

There is a narrow staircase behind the wassail-room, and, descending it, you find yourself transported, in a minute or two, from a scene of merriment and feasting to one of woe, horror, and starvation. Through a door barely three feet in height you enter a small, dark room—stone walls, stone floor, and a small grated window, just allowing a sunbeam to throw its cheering light upon what otherwise would be nothing but darkness and desolation.

This was the ordinary prison in which the Miltitzes confined their captured prisoners. In the walls are iron rings and iron chains, some of which still contain human bones, horribly suggestive of the terrible fate that befell the unfortunates who had to pine away their existence in this dismal vault! Close to the damp and slimy walls stand yet the jugs in which the prisoners received their water once a day.

But the treatment of those who were confined in this ordinary prison was mild as compared with that which those unfortunates had to undergo at the hands of their tormentors, who had incurred the special displeasure of the latter, and who, for that reason, were confined in the dungeon below. A door, scarcely three feet in height, leads into this terrible vault. Complete darkness reigns there. Earth, slimy and slippery, forms the floor. Heavy rings and chains are fixed in the walls. When the guide, with a lamp, ushers the traveler into this dungeon, he beholds a small wooden bench, and upon it, horrible to see, a grinning human skull! That bench was the only seat

and couch of poor men who had to pass in this dungeon twenty and thirty years of their lives; and the skull is that of the last victim of the despots of Scharfenberg—a poor Catholic nobleman of Bohemia, whom they kidnapped, and who had to undergo the horrors of nineteen years' confinement in the dungeon of Scharfenberg, his skull having been left there ever since as a memento of past cruelty and barbarism.

It is a feeling of relief which we experience in emerging from these scenes of woe and horror when we ascend to the pinnacles of the castle-tower, and see before us the incomparable panorama of the blessed land of Misnia; the Elbe, with its magnificent rocky banks; the waving cornfields, than which the most fruitful regions of Germany have none finer; the numerous thrifty towns and villages—the whole forming a prospect equally lovely and majestic.

THE POLYP WORLD.

What is a polyp? The word is familiar to most people, and yet very few outside of the scientific world have any definite notion of the structure and habits of this wonderful animal. Books on the lower forms of animal life are dry and technical at the first glance; and, then, they contain so much matter that the beginner is apt to lose courage before his interest is really excited. This is unfortunate, for the polyp kingdom is one of the most wonderful, and opens an easy way to conquer a method of investigation whereby more complicated structures may be understood. It is possible to present the salient characteristics of the polyp family in a few words, and so simply and clearly that any one mastering these will be impatient to take up the charming work of M. Moquin Tandon (*"Le Monde de la Mer"*), or of some other *savant* who handles these humble forms of life, with the devotion of the sincere student.

To begin, then, with these salient characteristics, let us take an isolated specimen of the common fresh-water polyp, the *Hydra viridis*. Imagine a little, straight bag, semi-transparent, greenish in hue, open only at one end, and this end trimmed with eight or ten long, thread-like tentacles. This is the plan on which all polyps are constructed. The bag or tube is the body, the cavity is the stomach, and the fringe is the arms or tentacles by which the animal seizes its food and conveys it into the stomach. The polyp loves the light, and is most sensitive to any sound or contact. By the closed end of its tube it attaches itself to aquatic plants or bits of wreck, while nearly every snail is a slow stage-coach for one or more of these little creatures, who ride very jauntily and gracefully, stretching out their fringing arms in every direction, on the alert for any stray water-bug or little mollusk or worm. As the hydra has no teeth, he does not injure his prey in swallowing it; and, if this happens to be a worm, it not unfrequently attempts to crawl out. In such case one of the long arms is thrust into the stomach to hold the victim in place until the digestive fluid can act upon him and reduce him to quiet. The arm, however, is not affected by the operation that reduces the food to a paste or liquid.

If you cut off the lower end of the hydra, he does not seem to be materially discommoded. He eats, perhaps, a little more voraciously than before, though to little purpose; for he is like the bottomless cask of the Danaides, and can neither be filled nor satisfied. However, the polyp is not to be nonplussed by any such trivial accident! He has even more than one way to recover his normal state: one is to make the end of the tube grow together where severed; another and much more wonderful way is to develop arms or

tentacles on the opposite extremity, and commence eating at both ends; that is, two individual polyps are thus developed, and the partition between them grows thinner and slimmer, until they finally separate and become perfect individuals of their kind.

The color of the fresh-water polyp depends upon his food: feeding him upon water-bugs, he becomes green; a diet of tadpoles makes him almost black; while the red color of the wood-louse tints him a beautiful pink. Like all or most of the polyps, the hydra may be turned inside-out, like a glove-finger; but he does not seem comfortable when thus treated, and always tries to recover his normal position. Failing in this, however, he accepts the situation, stoically making his skin and the lining of his stomach change functions. He is a decided gourmand, and, whenever a good opportunity offers, will stuff himself out like a ball, and then his weight compels him to sink. Very likely he will throw up some of his repast at once; and, in any case, he will reject in this way all that will not digest. This is the only way provided by the animal economy of the polyp to dispose of the unassimilated portions of the food.

The external surface of the hydra's body is often found nearly covered with little tubes, that gradually increase and lengthen. These are the *polypules*. As they grow large enough to take care of themselves, the point of their attachment becomes attenuated, finally gives way, and so the young are born. The little coral-polyp, so long believed to be a plant with a beautiful eight-petaled flower, produces its young in a very curious way; it places its eggs in its stomach, thus making the organ serve for digesting, and also as an incubating pouch.

Polyps do not generally live isolated; on the contrary, they form the most wonderful aggregations, the most permanent and extensive communities on the globe. It would require volumes to describe the marvelous building of the polyp tribe. Thousands of miles of the sea-bottom are covered with domes, and spires, and grottoes, and gigantic forests of coral, every part of which has been slowly built up during the ages by past generations of minute polyps; and their building goes on forever through the new races continually being born. Nor do they work so slowly as has been supposed. Portions of the submarine cable between Genoa and Sardinia, when taken up lately for repairs, were found in certain places increased to the size of a barrel from coral incrustations. We can easily find how many years the coral-polyps required for this work; but we do not yet know how long they have taken to build up the South-Sea Archipelago, or that single reef of coral, more than a thousand miles long, that fringes the Australian coast.

A FRENCH MARRIAGE.

It is the luck of some people to see every thing—it is rather my case. Ten days ago I was present at a great Russian wedding, and at a first-class French one yesterday; and I have been "first witness"—they use the word *témoin* for this as for the other and more dangerous duel—at a wedding of the people. If it takes a Frenchman and Frenchwoman as long to get separated as it does to get coupled, then, indeed, is single life a blessing, and separate maintenance a luxury only within reach of the very idle and rather rich. I am persuaded that all the coachmen and all the cooks had given themselves *rendezvous* to be married that day in that special mairie. It is a droll ceremony. Row after row of brides, bedecked with so many orange-flowers that I look for oranges at six *sous* each next year, were waiting to catch the eye of the mayor—

a mild man with a most evident wig and a decided smell of snuff, with which he sprinkled the bridal wreaths and dresses most handsomely, causing one bride, two best men, and one heavy father, to sneeze awfully. Now it is, if not indecent, at least indecorous, to sneeze on such occasions. "Will you, Jean, marry this Jeanne?" and the answer a sneeze! But accidents will happen. It must be a great thing to be married at a "mayor's court," if I may so render a "mairie." I had to wait there for a happy couple, one of whom I was about to give to the other, which I did with great pleasure, as neither of them belonged to me. You can first of all see the names of your friends who are "persons about to marry;" then the number of your acquaintances who are removed or have been "expropriated;" then you can buy land to build on, or a ready-built house for those children who may drop in later. If you are bankrupt, you have only to run over to the other side of the court and state the fact to the proper authority; and, finally, I read, below the chalky bust of the emperor and the well-bewigged head of the mayor, the address of a house where you can be vaccinated for next to nothing. Of the religious ceremony, I think the less said the better. We went to the Madeleine, where another very snuffy gentleman, backed up by a small boy in a dirty surplice—suggesting the painful idea that the clean clothes were given out only on Sundays—was kind enough to whisper the ceremony; and while he was blessing the bride, the little beadle came and drew of the groom his fee.—*"Court and Social Life in France."*

"BEASTS" IN AMERICA.

The early accounts of English travelers in America must have been somewhat unreliable, if we may judge from Mr. William Wood's "New England's Prospect" published in London, 1634, when our Puritan settlement was fourteen years old. Mr. Wood says, in one place: "Having related unto you the pleasant situation of the country, the healthfulness of the climate, the nature of the soil, with his vegetatives and other commodities, it will not be amiss to inform you of such irrational creatures as are daily bred and continually nourished in this country, which do much conduce to the well-being of the inhabitants, affording not only meat for the belly, but clothing for the backe. The beasts be as followeth:

'The knolly Lyon, and the strong arm'd Beare, The large lim'd Moose, with the tripping Deare, Quill darting porcupines, and Backcombes be, Outstelled in the hollow of an aged tree,' etc.

Quite an incongruous community, certainly, to dwell together in a hollow tree; but the author evidently desires to be very carefully exact in his statements, for, after his poetical effusion, he goes on: "Concerning Lyons, I will not say that I ever saw any myself, but some affirm that they have seen a Lyon at Cape Anne, which is not above six leagues from Boston; some likewise, being lost in woods, have heard such a terrible roarings as have made them much agast, which must eyther be Devills or Lyons, there being no other creatures which used to roare, saving beares, which have not such a terrible kind of roaring." Then the author goes on to show that even if it could be questioned that "Lyons" were to be found near Boston, there is no doubt whatever that they are plenty enough in Virginia, for "the Virginians saw an old Lyon in their plantation, who, having lost his Jackall, which was wont to hunt his prey, was brought so poore that he could go no further." The belief that lions kept jackals to hunt their prey was at one time universal, and is said to be still believed by the people in lion regions.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE are all inclined to laugh at Carlyle's pungent classification of all the world as mostly fools, and to find amusement in Ruskin's fierce denunciations of his kind; but, when a dispassionate philosopher, like Mill, utters similar sentiments, there is good reason why we should pause and consider.

In the general tenor of Mill's essay on Liberty, readers commonly have overlooked the utterance of many very aristocratic ideas, quite out of keeping with the topic, and scarcely evincing that larger knowledge which one has a right to expect of so judicial and authoritative a teacher as the author is generally recognized to be. It would be rather in the pages of Carlyle than those of Mill that we should expect to find a sentiment like this—"That miscellaneous collection of a few wise and many foolish individuals called the public;" and assuredly it must be Ruskin that is telling us that "no government, by a democracy or a numerous aristocracy, ever did or could rise above mediocrity, except in so far as the sovereign Many have let themselves be guided by the counsel and influence of a more highly gifted and instructed One or Few. The initiation of all wise or noble things comes and must come from individuals." But, whether we find these utterances in the writings of Carlyle or Ruskin or Mill, or of others, we believe them to be unsound in philosophy and unsustained by the facts of history. Let us see.

If we survey the whole field of progress—social, moral, religious—we will discover that nearly all great reforms, all higher resolutions, all profound agitations, have sprung from the people. Christianity, as we all so well know, found its apostles and disciples at first among the lowly, and only reached the instructed few after it had leavened the whole body of the multitude. The Reformation similarly had its seed among the people; among the people it germinated; and it was only embraced by the Few when the Many had forced it upon them. Luther and other conspicuous exponents were not the origin of the Reformation: they were its outcomes, the leaders in a moral convulsion that had long been secretly preparing in the heart of the people.

Morals, no less than religion, have their best growth in the hearts of the Many, who show, in the proverbs that formulate their discreet insights, their subtle and just perceptions, the highest poetical wisdom. Even the profound utterances that often come to us from great teachers, have their origin far back in the traditions of the multitude. And it is the minds of the people that have gradually worked upward to the reform of courts and the suppression of vice among the great. It was a popular and homely prejudice against gambling that, after a time, rendered this vice unfashionable. It was a lowly rev-

erence for virtue in women that eventually made high-bred gallants amenable to propriety and public justice.

Even in philosophy the influence of the democratic majority has been felt. We exalt the name of Bacon because he enforced the deductive method of reasoning; but, as Macaulay shows us, this is only the "plain man's" every-day practical way of getting at the truth. While philosophers were in the region of pure fancy, and devising in the abundance of their imaginings a hundred theories of life and matter, the so-called foolish crowd were cautiously observing the facts around them, founding their theories, according to the Baconian method, on the knowledge thus obtained. We say this, not unmindful of the wild superstitions that have possessed the ignorant peoples of the past; but, in the midst of all these superstitions, there was always exhibited a shrewd wisdom in practical life which philosophers and scholars often hopelessly fail to attain.

While the learned Few have formulated the rules of language, the Many established them. It is solely to this congregation of fools, called the Public, that England owes her sinewy, mellow, and affluent Saxon tongue. The learned so far scorned it that at first they composed only in the Latin, and when popular pressure from below forced upon them the use of their native tongue, they Latinized it to an extent that nearly buried the native speech under a foreign mantle. But the better instincts of the unlettered mob have gradually forced upon scholars the use of a vernacular that is full of flavor and sweetness, rich with homely terms, and strong in simple vigor.

Discoveries, no doubt, come of the Few. Strictly intellectual efforts are, perhaps, unknown to the mass. But, as we have already shown, spiritual life has its roots in the aspirations of the lowly, and even in intellectual things there are insights, if not exactly mental processes, that often render the conclusions of the Many as just and true as those of the Few. If we study biography, we will discover that the great have never been without their foibles any more than the humble. Very rarely, indeed, does any single life illustrate high principles of the soundest wisdom. If one were to compile a history of the mistakes of this exalted Few—in politics, philosophy, social life, or science—he would give to the world an amazing record of folly and weakness, scarcely less humiliating to the pretensions of men than would be a similar compilation of the errors and ignorances of the multitude. In every individual we find singular exhibitions of bad judgment, false reasoning, wrong conceptions; it is only when we get the judgment of the Many—on subjects of general concern and interest—that we are likely to arrive at a wise conclusion. There is a large measure of truth in the old saying, "*Vox populi vox Dei*;" because in almost all matters, taking large masses and

long periods, the voice of the populace is pretty sure in the end—led to it, perhaps, through many perturbations—to reflect a good and trustworthy judgment.

There is more in human nature than scholars are apt to believe. Perhaps only a small minority reflect closely upon any theme; we have already stated that pure intellectual processes must not be looked for among the populace; but we claim for this populace, in its wholeness, a singularly accurate insight into and judgment of those matters that concern them. What the general sentiment may be, for instance, in regard to a public character, is pretty sure to be a correct one. While thinkers are studiously building up ideals of a person, the common people have taken his measure. Scholars are too much enamored of their acquirements; they forget that the very artificial training they have experienced has weakened those native perceptions which the unlettered may so much depend upon; and, while they are asserting a lordly superiority over their fellows, their inferiors, if they possessed the same gift of phrase-making, might paint a picture of the follies of the philosopher that would prove an excellent Roland for the contemptuous sneers of an over-arrogant class.

—Do men—or women—ever really attain the rounded period of one hundred years? The question seems capable of a very prompt response, when it is considered how often venerable patriarchs in various parts of the country are represented as celebrating, amid picturesque groups of great and great-great-grandchildren, their centennial birthday. But it must not be forgotten that one of the calmest and most astute of recent English writers—the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis—declared his belief that there was no clear and indisputable instance of a life prolonged to a century.

The question how long it is possible to keep body and soul together, vain as it may be, has always been, and can never fail of being, one of the most intensely interesting that the human brain can exercise itself upon; for those are very few, and very holy—or very miserable and desperate—who would not like to look forward to awaking, on this pleasant earth, on the dawn of their hundredth year. He, therefore, who makes a study of longevity, and calls on us to listen to his speculations and discoveries thereon, need never fear of a scant audience; for he appeals to one of the most anxious yearnings of the universal human heart.

Mr. Thoma, one of the officials of the library of the English House of Lords, has just contributed a volume to the literature of longevity, which will be to many a pleasant antidote to the unwelcome conclusion of Sir George Lewis. The latter, in denying that the case of the existence of a single centenarian was proved, relied upon the untrustworthiness of parish records, and even of

family Bibles; and essayed to clinch his argument by denying to the human constitution, even when subjected to conditions the most favorable to life, adequate vigor to last so long. The cases of Old Parr, who lived in the sixteenth century, and upon whose tomb in Westminster Abbey it is inscribed that he died in his one hundred and fifty-second year; of Henry Jenkins, who swore in a chancery affidavit that he was one hundred and forty years old; of the old Countess of Desmond, of whom Horace Walpole wrote that she "was sevenscore, and only died then by falling out of a cherry-tree"—what could she have been doing there?—Sir George rejected as unproved, and, therefore, as unworthy of credit; and he consigned the cases of the rustic centenarians who now and then formed the heroes of newspaper paragraphs to the category of amiable delusions of family or village pride. Despite his ingenious arguments, however, mankind, especially those of them who have lived near a claimed centenarian, rests very firmly convinced that such antique specimens of a far-off generation do exist; and Mr. Thoms seems to dispose of Sir George Lewis's skepticism forever by appealing to that very commonplace resource for testimony—the books of an insurance-office.

Relying on the certainty that no man, in getting his life insured, will represent himself as older than he is, or than he has record of being, which record itself, in his younger days, is capable of certain proof, Mr. Thoms points to the case of an elderly gentleman named Luning, who was insured in a London office, on whose books his age was recorded. According to these, Luning died in the one hundred and fourth year of his age. He was a descendant of Luther's sister. A second very clear case is that of a Mrs. Williams, who was proved by a double register—a family and a parish register—to have passed her hundredth year; and it is certain that she cut a third tooth after she was past ninety. The instance of William Plank, of Harrow, seems not less well established. He "took his freedom" in 1789, and, by law, must have come of age to do so; he died in 1867, and, therefore, must have been just one hundred. Mr. Thoms finally cites as a fourth case Mrs. Shafts, in whose favor, as a centenarian, he brings forth an overwhelming mass of corroborative proof.

As to Sir George Lewis's unflattering physiological argument against the vigor of the constitution, he has not only Buffon against him, but Professor Owen and M. Flourens, and other modern physiologists, who live in a broader scientific light than did Buffon. Professor Owen thinks it very rare, such is the wear and tear of active life, for a man to reach his hundredth year; but concedes the physiological possibility. Buffon has a plausible theory that the duration of existence has a ratio to the period of growth. He shows that all animals grow "until the bones are united with their epi-

physes;" that the period of growth in a horse is five years, and that the horse lives to between twenty and thirty, and, in an ox, is four years, the ox living twenty. Life, therefore, may be prolonged to five times the period of growth; and as this is in man about twenty-one years, he may live to be over one hundred. Modern men of science are inclined to concede that there is something in this. It is certain, too, that almost every instance of people who are said to have reached their hundredth year occurs in the country, where life is even, monotonous, and placid. Bankers, merchants, lawyers, never reach the term of tenfold ten. Titian, however, who lived in cities, and a great deal amid the stir of courts and exciting events, lived on to be ninety-nine, thus just failing of the rounded period; prosperous art is not uncommonly long-lived. But five out of six centenarians—so claimed—are farmers, accustomed to a hardy, but not rude or adventurous life; men content to move along in the groove of their rural ancestry, unstirred by any vexing ambition, temperate, with plenty of plain, hearty food, and having traveled but little in their lives.

—There is a sudden rage among architects for tall towers upon buildings, which, if not in all cases admirable in themselves, promise to add a picturesque feature to our cities when viewed from a distance. The new building for the Western Union Telegraph Company, erecting in Broadway at the corner of Dey Street, is to be surmounted by a tower that will reach a hundred feet above the tallest roof in the town. The new Tribune building is also to be surmounted by a similar ornamental feature. If these examples are likely to be followed to any great extent, New York will show, in approaching it from the sea, or viewing it from any neighboring point of observation, some of the characteristics of Eastern cities, the numberless minarets and towers of which form so striking a picture. We can't say we like the effect of the towers already placed on some of our buildings, when viewed from a short distance, but it is quite possible the ambitious attempts on the two new buildings we have named will exhibit better proportions and harmony of lines. The dreadful flatness of our American cities prompts us to welcome almost any change that will serve to break up our masses of roofs, even if there lurk some danger of inartistic designs and vulgar display.

—Why should we retain a distinction of meaning in employing the words *artist* and *artiste*? This distinction is recognized in literature, and more or less obtains in improper usage, but there is no good reason for it. It is true Webster tells us that *artiste* must not be confounded with the English word *artist*, the latter being used in a much more restricted sense, but the logic of this is not easy to discern. The words are primarily of the same meaning, and have the same origin. It is custom alone which determines the distinction, and in England custom is now ignoring it. In France *artiste* is used to cover all skillful employments, whether the man be

a painter, a poet, a cook, or a hair-dresser, and rightfully. For whoever brings to his work skill, and taste, and perception of fitness, of harmony, of proportion, of relation of parts, is an artist. That is just the meaning of the word, and the capable worker is entitled to it. A cobbler is only an artisan, but the man who constructs a shapely boot, in which is brought to bear a knowledge of the foot and its requirements, and a perception of form and graceful contour, is an artist. There are artistic labors on a higher plane, but the difference is one of degree and not of kind. "Would you apply the same term to Turner that you do to a hair-dresser?" is sometimes asked. No, we certainly would not; but, if the hair-dresser is a man of genius in his art, he will exact the term from you. It is Turner to whom it is wrongly applied, if there is any wrong at all in the fact. Call Turner painter. If he were here he would probably resist—as many painters, who are here, do—the application of a term which implies simply skill in manipulations. All painters claim to be more than artists; they are quite (and somewhat superciliously) willing to hand the term over to the cooks and the hair-dressers. But we have nothing to do with the pride or the pretences of classes. There is no obvious reason why we should mark off one set of artistic workers and call them artists, and another and call them *artistes*; the word can't change its meaning by putting a foreign brand upon it. Patti, and Nilsson, and Lucca, and Morlacchi, and Rubinstein, are trained and admirable artists, in the full meaning of the English sense of the word, and they should not have a compromising or disqualifying *e* in their term of designation. If it is so useful to couple Turner and a hair-dresser as artists, it is equally objectionable to unite the prime donne and the cooks under the term *artistes*.

—Mr. Fernando Wood, as one of the founders of Central Park, has written to Commissioner Stebbins, protesting against the placing in that park of statues of foreigners, so long as our own worthies remain in this way unhonored. While we ought, perhaps, to raise no opposition to these memorials in honor of men distinguished in the annals of the race, we certainly should be glad to see at least equal attention paid to the fame of our own great men, and this we have several times urged upon our people in these pages. We have also pointed out the danger of an incongruous assemblage of figures, if the park commissioners did not require of all voluntary contributions a harmony of proportion. Mr. Wood questions the taste of placing any statues whatever in the park; and certainly, unless a correct æsthetic taste governs the selection, both as regards each individual performance in itself, and in its relations to its companion-pieces, we had better stop the thing where it is. If a line of statues on each side stretched along the sides of the Mall, the effect, under the conditions we have named, would be excellent; but one can readily see how such an out-door Pantheon might prove an offense to every cultivated person. We urge the commissioners to take the matter in hand, and at least to establish certain limitations as to size for the Mall figures. And, while we are on this

topic, let us ask if the park must be forever marred by that fearfully bad statue of Morse? We urge Mr. Orton and his army of telegraph-operators to come quietly together, and, with as little ostentation as possible, replace this abortion by a memorial more worthy of art and the subject; or, if this cannot be done, let them assemble in the darkness of the night and bear off the offense, to hide it forever from the sight of man.

Art and Music.

FEW people are aware how much thought and invention are required for the arrangement of a successful picture, especially if it comprises several figures. Looking at a pleasant, easy group of people in a painting, who appear as if they had dropped into their places of themselves, in a room so naturally lighted that it seems as if the light must have painted itself, so equally does it permeate every part, throwing little shadows behind chairs, and deepening the tint in ladies' dresses, and streaming with apparently the self-same hue over flat surfaces of unbroken wall—it is well-nigh impossible to conceive the combinations, the thought, and the science, required to produce such an apparently simple result; for the truth is, that simple results are the very ones which require the truest union of mind, and eye, and knowledge.

A short time ago a visit to the studio of Mr. Guy, in the building in West Tenth Street, rewarded us by the opportunity it afforded to examine a very interesting sketch of the family-group of one of the great railroad-men of New-York City. The picture, quite a small one, was made for a large painting of the same subject, on which Mr. Guy was at work during nearly a year and a half; and this sketch, which is owned by the same family, is nearly as good as the finished painting, though it is smaller and not as elaborate in detail.

It is called "Going to the Opera," and the scene is in a parlor brilliantly illuminated by many gas-burners, whose light is softened by white-porcelain shades. The family, of about twelve persons in number, are variously ranged around the room, and the father, in his arm-chair, with watch in hand, is giving the signal for departure to his married children with their husbands and wives, while his own wife and the younger members of the family sit around him variously occupied. The result is an easy, quiet picture, soft and mellow in color, and graceful and animated as a composition. Such is the end—and it is a most successful one—at which the artist has arrived; but a bundle of studies which he has at hand to show you, open a new vista of the difficult paths he has had to tread to arrive at such a conclusion.

We have all seen pictures of figures, stiff and hard, arranged like paper patterns against a wall; but the first step overcome in this painting was that each individual in it was at a different degree of distance in the room, and a dress in front kept its place beside a garment of nearly the same hue ten feet farther away. Among the German painters and many French artists falsity of color under different degrees of aerial perspective is one of the most common failings, which anybody can discover who will hold a white handkerchief first against any white object in Nature which is near at hand, and afterward successively against several others of different degrees of remoteness, and it will be surprising to find how rapidly white becomes gray, and in the same way of

other hues. Few painters have attended to this fact systematically, and the consequence is that the place of color is often very confused. To avoid this difficulty, Mr. Guy has constructed a scale of tints, which he can apply accurately for different distances, and which gives the mind the same certainty in regard to relative spaces as is found in Nature herself.

One light striking upon a wall diminishes gradually in intensity, and such an arrangement has usually satisfied artists of every degree of excellence, but Mr. Guy, not content with a study so simple, has made mathematical calculations with pencil and compasses by which he has thrown twenty lights, cross-lights, and shadows, on wall and figures; it is a marvel of optics, but he has contrived to keep this *tour de force* so well in subordination that the mind is satisfied with a result so unobtrusive that the untrained eye can scarcely detect the different means which yet produce a wonderfully luminous result.

Equally remarkable with these gymnastics of light and shade, and with Mr. Guy's management of local color, the sentiment and lines of the composition are a great success. The eye rests instinctively on the father of the family, being led to notice him first, by the quiet negative forms and colors that isolate him in fact, though his young children, with their toys and games, do not separate him in idea from the rest of the family, the wavy lines of whose forms and garments, passing one into another, tangle them into a chain around the plain space which he occupies.

As some of our readers will remember, Mr. Page, in one of his lectures before the Academy, gave illustrations by the magic-lantern of the general form of the masses of light and shade in a few of Rembrandt's pictures, showing the pleasant combinations and groups that would have made them agreeable pieces of arabesque had all other meaning been omitted. In the same respect, a point that can scarcely be too highly valued in such a subject as his, Mr. Guy has made an elegant and graceful effect; for the waving outlines of light dresses in his picture, cut against dark, sharp forms behind them, in the same pleasant way that the billowy clouds of a summer sky combine and contrast with pointed pine-trees.

The last thing in the picture to which we would refer is the enormous study of linear perspective that it shows. Reflections in mirrors, cast shadows on walls, and the right diminution of arches, have been discriminated with most elaborate precision, as diagrams numerous enough for the charts to a harbor fully testify. Altogether, we consider the painting a great artistic success; and, on the basis of an accurate family portrait in a real family room, the painter has woven a marvelous fabric, literally crowded with points of pictorial excellence.

Under the guise of a review of Mr. C. D. E. Fortnum's "Catalogue of the Majolica, etc., in the South Kensington Museum," the *Spectator* gives a paper worthy the attention of every *bric-à-brac* hunter—an essay on the whole subject of Majolica ware, and the history of its manufacture. From the latter portion of the article we quote the most important facts: "Majolica, or rather Maiolica, is an old mode of spelling Majolica, and occurs in Dante. The Pisan expedition, in A. D. 1115, against the piratical King of Majorca is said to have brought some trophies of ceramic art into Italy, and to have given a name to the ware. But glazed and painted pottery of one kind or another has, of course, a much more remote origin. The most ancient wares, such as those of Baby-

lon, Assyria, and Egypt, were glazed with a vitreous composition, and the range of chromatic enrichment was limited. The metallic lustre before spoken of appears upon some early Persian and Arabian wares, and appears thence to have traveled to the Balearic Isles, to Spain, and to Sicily. The wares glazed with lead compounds, though less early in date than the glass-glazed, were the commonest and most widely-spread in Europe. The paste, or body of these later wares, was inferior, but the glaze superior to the vitreous varieties. The defects of the paste were, however, sometimes neutralized by a thin coating of pipe-clay, called an *engobe*, or slip. This was laid upon the rough base of the ware, and then with a point designs were drawn through this, revealing the darker and coarser ground beneath. Over all the lead glaze was finally spread, and thus a decoration known as *agrafiato* was obtained. But a further improvement in the same direction was secured in another way. Into the glaze which covered an inferior body, or paste, a certain quantity of oxide of tin was introduced. This substance imparts a milky whiteness or opacity, does not interfere with the smoothness of the surface, and, at the same time, affords an excellent ground for subsequent decoration in color. The use of tin glazes may be traced to Babylon, but the art was long lost. The earliest known revival in Europe of a tin enamel or glaze occurred somewhere about 1300, in connection with the Moorish kingdom of Granada, the tiles of the Alhambra being beautiful examples of the use of this material. The extension of the art to Italy took some time, and it was not till the latter half of the fifteenth century that tin enamel, decorated with painting and lustre, was actually employed in the peninsula. Luca della Robbia had, however, used tin enamel for some of his great works in *terra-cotta* as early as 1438, if not before. His twelve 'Plaques,' representing the months, show to what perfection he had carried his methods in the year just named. The rich and singular-lustred colors were longer in arriving at their highest degree of excellence. The early pieces made at Pesaro exhibit a mother-of-pearl lustre, and a somewhat Oriental style of decoration. These wares and those of Dürer improved from the year 1450. They are good in design and firm in execution, but contain no tin in their glaze. The studio or *bottega* of Mo. Giorgio, in Gubbio, was the most celebrated for its lustred colors, specimens being sent there from the factories of Pesaro, Urbino, Castel-Duranto, etc., to be decorated with the metallic pigments. The period of 1520 to 1540 was one of great activity and excellence; the work was still good in 1560, but before 1570 the curious art had been lost. In recent times attempts have been made to revive it, but with all our knowledge of manipulation, and the chemistry of potting and painting, the attempts have not been very successful. The modern bismuth lustres of M. Brianchon, imitated at Worcester and Belleek, are very poor in comparison with the sixteenth century gold-and-ruby tints obtained at Gubbio; nor are the recent Italian products much more satisfactory. The excellent drawing and coloring of the older work gave it an artistic excellence, in which modern work is too often deficient. The aid of draughtsmen like Battista Franco, Raffaello del Colle, and Zuccaro, accounts for the unusual merit of the *fabrique* of Urbino."

From the *Saturday Review's* papers on "Art at the Vienna Exhibition," we derive a more favorable impression than former articles have given us, of the collection displayed at the

Austrian capital. In a general summary, preceding his more elaborate criticism, the writer says: "France, notwithstanding the crisis through which she has passed, is the most voluminous of exhibitors; she sends no fewer than 636 pictures and 308 pieces of sculpture, which, with numerous miscellaneous objects, make a total of 1,527 works. At a distance follow united Germany, with 1,017; united Italy, with 625; and disunited Austria, with 611 works. Formerly, the Austrian Empire was able to swell her numbers from Hungary on the one side, and from Lombardy on the other; now the arts of Northern Italy are arranged under the Italian flag, and at the same time Hungary, as a consequence of her newly-acquired political status, claims, for the first time as her right, an independent position in the world of art; she has a gallery to herself. Another change, consequent on the altered condition of Europe, is that the Roman states, hitherto conspicuous, especially in sculpture, are effaced from catalogues and galleries. Rome, like Lombardy and Venice, now joins her forces to the collective power of the Italian kingdom. And, in like manner, the scattered states of Germany are brought together under one empire. Thus Bavaria is merged, and even Prussia does not assert an individual existence. Two nations appear to exceptional disadvantage. The one is the United States, which shows herself barely in advance of semi-barbarous nations; and yet, strange to say, Americans, in numbers even beyond the accustomed influx, have crossed the Atlantic in order to witness their humiliation; the other nation which suffers cruelly is, we regret to say, England. This discomfiture bears the mark of being due to the procedure characteristic of the department at South Kensington. Friends find favor, and, as usual, the best interests of art are sacrificed to nepotism. The collective contents of the galleries may be briefly summed up as follows: total number of pictures, above 3,000; total number of statues, above 1,000; total of miscellanies, including architecture, water-color drawings, engravings, etc., nearly another 1,000. In all, 5,092 works, of which more than four-fifths come from five nations, in the following order: first, as we have said, France, and then in succession the German Empire, Austria, Italy, and Russia." The remainder of the first paper treats chiefly of Austrian and especially of Hungarian art; and, in regard to the latter, the author says: "We recognize in the 155 pictures, engravings, and statues here collected a future for the arts of Hungary. It is well known that the nation has shown high musical genius, and, in the sister art of painting, signal and eccentric talent has made for itself an unassailable position. In sculpture, as long ago as the Great Exhibition of 1851, when Hungary first struck out boldly for rights she has since won, Herr Angel, of Poth, now represented by four marble groups in Vienna, aroused sympathy for his country. During the last twenty years the Hungarians have made as much progress in art as in liberty; all that they need is to join knowledge to natural impulse."

The English reviews give some interesting facts concerning the new National Training School for Music, which is to be associated with the Society of Arts and the Royal Albert Hall. "The management," says the *Athenæum*, "is to be in the hands of a committee of two members of the commissioners of the exhibition of 1851, two members nominated by the Council of the Royal Albert Hall, and three appointed by the Council of the Society of Arts. The names of the committee are, the Duke of Edin-

burgh, Lord Clarence Paget, Major-General Eardley-Wilmot, R. A., F. R. S., Mr. Henry Cole, C. B., Major Donnelly, R. E., and Sir W. Anderson, K. C. B. Mr. C. J. Freaque's offer to erect, at his own cost, the tuition suite of rooms, on a plot of ground given by the Royal Exhibition Commissioners, has been accepted, and the plans are in preparation. There are to be three hundred scholarships founded, with free education, and also with maintenance. The charge for education, without maintenance, will be thirty-five pounds. The school will be open to all classes of the community, by competitive examination. Assurances of support from the provinces, from various corporations, and from private persons, have been received, both as to endowments and to supply of funds. It is expected that the school will be eventually transferred to the responsible management of the state."

Concerning the long-discussed change in the management of the South Kensington Museum, an official announcement has at last been made. The *Athenæum* says: "Mr. Forster's reply to an inquiry by Lord Elcho, made in the House of Commons last week, removes all further occasion for reserve with regard to a subject which has been privately debated for some time past, namely, the placing of the South Kensington Museum in charge of the trustees of the British Museum. It is understood that this transfer will probably be made at no distant period, with an increase in the number of trustees, some of the new members being chosen, we hope, from among those who have knowledge of art, apart from archaeological studies. There is a fair proportion of antiquaries and there are numerous art-amateurs among the existing trustees, but only one or two of their number have even official knowledge of art, whereas it would be highly desirable to appoint some individuals whose works prove their artistic attainments—we mean men who, whether they are Royal Academicians or not, are something more than R. A.'s."

A propos of Mr. Henry Blackburn's "Hartz Mountains," the *Spectator* expresses its opinion—with which a great many people in this country as well as in England will agree—that Mr. Blackburn is far more satisfactory as an artist than as an author; and the writer of the article uses the opportunity to speak a few words of judicious praise. He says of Mr. Blackburn's general work: "His pencil is humorous, graceful, accurate, and refined. Not only does he give us highly-finished drawings, full of life and spirit, but he chooses the subjects of his illustrations admirably, always drawing the very scene, person, or object, which we would have selected on reading the text. Then there is genuine humor in his drawings, not merely whimsicality; whereas, in his writings, there is more whimsicality than humor."

"The Conservatoire jury, in Paris," says a writer in an English review, "have been very severe this year in their musical examinations, and the first prizes were rarely awarded. M. Ambroise Thomas, the present principal, is a strict disciplinarian, and exacts greater severity of study than existed in the days of Auber, whose good-nature was easily turned to account."

An addition of some importance has recently been made to the collection in the Grande Galerie of the Louvre in the shape of a picture, by Gentile da Fabriano, representing the Madonna seated and holding the infant Christ on her knees.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* reports that the subscription raised in England for Signor Mario has now reached six thousand pounds, and it is proposed to purchase a freehold villa for presentation to the once great tenor.

Literary Notes.

IN an article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, called "How the 'Stabat Mater' was written," the author, Mr. Alexander Schwartz, gives the whole history of the great mediæval hymn, and of its author, Giacomo Bendetti. Many of his facts are known to but few readers, and have never, so far as we know, been put in this popular shape before. We quote that passage of the paper which contains the little-known anecdote of the event that induced Giacomo to abandon the world, and devote himself to religious duties and meditations: "On a certain day a great ball was given in the town, at which the wife of Giacomo was present. Giacomo remained at home. While engaged in his work, a message reached him that his wife was dying. He ran through the streets, and arrived before she was dead. But within a few moments she breathed her last in his arms, and, as he took off her clothing, he discovered that she wore on her body a coarse garment of hair. The sudden death of his young and beautiful wife in the spring of life, with the promise of a brilliant summer slowly deepening into the mellow glories of autumn, gave him a shock from which he never recovered, and destroyed the balance of his nervous system forever. The difference between one man and another is, that one is mad with method in his madness, and that the other is mad without any method. A complete change came over Giacomo; he gave up his practice, severed himself from the connections which he had formed, and said farewell to the life which he had hitherto led. In the midst of the dumb sorrow in which he was plunged he seemed ever to hear a voice telling him to go and sell all that he had, and to give it to the poor, in order that he might have treasure in heaven. He resolved to obey the command in the most literal sense, and henceforth to live for heaven alone. . . . Sorrow did not, indeed, make him a poet, but it revealed to him that he was one. The Madonna and her divine Child became the objects of his love, and among all his poems there are none more exquisite than those addressed to her. It was most probably in one of his sleepless nights, when the cross was pressing heavily upon him, that he wrote the 'Stabat Mater,' every line of which seems dipped in his heart's blood."

The opinions expressed in England, concerning Mr. Joaquin Miller's "Life among the Modocs," differ amusingly. The *Athenæum* dismisses the book with brief asperity. "Mr. Miller's so-called book about the 'Modocs,'" it says, "turns out to be a monstrously dull volume, in which he relates his adventures at the Californian diggings and among the Shasta Indians in early life. We do not hesitate to call this a 'got-up' book on one subject, to which a sensation title, suggesting another and different subject, has been given to make it sell. Mr. Miller may romance at his will about his early life, but we object to his leading the public to believe that his book throws any light upon the history of the particular tribe of Indians who have lately set the American Government at defiance. Though Mr. Miller sometimes, by poetical license, calls the Shasta Indians 'Modocs,' there is nothing in his book which in reality concerns the Modocs, except a

very doubtful account of a massacre of Modocs by whites many years ago, which rests upon the authority of a single man, and he a scoundrel by his own admission." The *Spectator*, on the other hand, reviews "Life among the Modocs" seriously, and at some length; on the whole, with favor. In closing, it says: "We have confined ourselves to that general effect of Mr. Joaquin Miller's book which he seems to have chiefly in view, and we have said nothing of the rich and picturesque delineations of character, incident, and scenery, which the reader will find there in profusion, and which would alone furnish ample matter for a separate study. The author's own scattered remarks on men and things are sometimes wild (as when he suggests that the evils of gold-hunting might be done away with by establishing a universal and exclusive paper-currency), but they are always striking, and many of them show the Western imaginative humor in great perfection."

A treasure that will make many a book-lover covetous has recently come into the hands of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. It is a remarkable and probably unique copy of Joseph Spence's "Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters of Books and Men"—a book familiar enough to bibliographers under the simpler title of "Spence's Anecdotes." This copy is the result of the personal labors of some skilled collector. It is printed, on a small page with very wide margin, in two volumes quarto, each page inlaid; and with it are bound no less than one hundred and seventy-five of the rarest and most beautiful old portraits of the personages from whose works and conversation the anecdotes come, and, besides these, plates of residences and localities to which reference is made. The whole is bound in crushed Levant morocco. Among the portraits—fine and quaint etchings, old and rare line-engravings, and treasures in almost every form of artistic skill—are many of Pope, several of Dr. Johnson, those of Addison, Swift, Cowley, Bolingbroke, Isaac Disraeli, and very many others. The book is such a one as is very rarely put on sale; its fellows are only found in places of honor on the shelves of collectors, only to be delighted in by those carefully initiated into the mysteries of bibliomania.

Many weeks ago we noticed the announcement of the fact that Victor Hugo was writing a new novel, to be entitled "Quatre-Vingt-Treize." At that time no intimation of the character of its plot had reached even the best informed of the European journals; but, as the work goes on, facts concerning it are found out by one and another of the correspondents skilled in such discoveries. The London *Athenaeum* now informs us that the book is to be published in February, 1874, "under the title of 'Quatre-Vingt-Treize,' with the sub-title of 'Premier récit: la Guerre civile.' The plot carries the reader for an instant to Paris, and the imposing figures of Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, appear upon the stage; but the action takes place almost entirely in the Vendée. The relations of the Vendéens to the English, and those of the Channel Islands to the Breton coast, are illustrated by documents hitherto hardly known. An encounter between an English frigate and a French squadron is said to be grandly told."

"Sub-Tropical Rambles in the Land of the Aphanapteryx," a volume of personal experiences and pleasant sketches in and about the island of Mauritius, by the United States consul there, Mr. Nicholas Pike, seems to meet

with a cordial reception in England, where it has been published. It is certainly a decidedly petty spirit, however, which induces the *Athenaeum* to go out of its way, in a generally favorable review of the book, to insert a paragraph so completely useless as this: "Although the author is avowedly a Yankee, and, moreover, a colonel in the United States Army, the reader would hardly discover such facts from a perusal of the volume before us; for there is neither the slightest tone of contempt or hostility manifested toward the 'Britisher,' nor is his military rank obtruded on the public in any way by the author."

The *Pull Mall Gazette* certainly hits Miss Kate Field very hard when it says, in a review of her "Hap-Hazard"—a book concerning which we have already expressed an opinion: "Considering how the lady despises royalty, she says a good deal about it, and relates anecdotes of the queen as if she had been personally able to verify their truth. Her majesty may be surprised to learn that she lectures the Prince and Princess of Wales on their want of exclusiveness, telling them that if they are not more careful they will be as common as her cousins the Cambridges, and that she gave special instructions before the Thanksgiving-service at St. Paul's that no tickets should be given to Odger or to 'that wicked man Bradlaugh.' Miss Field did secure a ticket on that occasion, and makes literary capital out of it."

"We understand," says the *Athenaeum*, "that the Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, Professor Seeley, is engaged on a life of Stein, the great reformer of Prussia, after its overthrow by the first Napoleon. It is, indeed, time that the vast importance of Stein's work should be rightly understood in England, and its development traced, for he gave a new life and new form to his nation, which will gain for it hereafter even greater results than they have yet secured." If this news is true, it is indeed a subject of rejoicing for English readers all over the world; there is no one more competent to deal with this subject than is Professor Seeley, and hardly any subject is so little understood outside of Germany.

Sir John Duke Coleridge, the English attorney-general, publishes in one of the London monthlies his lecture on Wordsworth, delivered some months ago before the Literary Society of Exeter. The lecturer takes a singularly practical ground in the first portion of his essay; and, declaring that he is speaking "only as a man of business to men of business," he says: "What I do wish to insist on is, that for busy men, men hard at work, men plunged up to the throat in the labors of life, the study of Wordsworth is as healthy, as refreshing, as invigorating a study as literature can supply. He is the poet to whom you and I may turn with great and constant advantage." This is a little like the recommendation of "Wordsworth as a tonic;" but there is truth in it, after all.

Scientific Notes.

THE deepest sounding yet taken from the deck of the Challenger, was made on the 26th of March last, at a point nearly ninety miles north of the island of St. Thomas. The depth reached was 3,875 fathoms, or nearly four and one-half miles. As our readers have been constantly informed regarding the results of these deep-sea explorations, and the char-

acter of the objects secured, it may be of additional interest to learn somewhat respecting the method of lowering and hauling the dredge. In his last letter to *Nature*, Professor Thomson gives the following interesting account of this the deepest dredging: "The small dredge," he writes, "was lowered, with the usual bar and tangles, and from the centre of the bar a 'hyard' sounding-tube, weighted with four cwt., was suspended about two fathoms behind the dredge. A two-inch rope was veered to 4,400 fathoms; a toggle was stopped on the rope 500 fathoms from the dredge, and, when the dredges were well down, two weights, of one cwt. each, were slipped down the rope to the toggle. We commenced heaving in about 1.30 p. m., and at 5 p. m. the dredge appeared with a considerable quantity of reddish-gray ooze." It will appear to the reader but a slight return for all this labor and care, that the only animals obtained from this mud were "a few small *Foraminifera*, with calcareous tests, and some considerably larger, of the arenaceous type." It is not, however, in its positive, but rather negative results, that the dredging was a decided success, since it served to confirm a previous conviction that "very extreme depths, while not inconsistent with the existence of animal life, are not favorable to its development." While the tedious operation of hauling in the dredge was in progress, others of the party were engaged in taking a series of temperatures, at intervals of 100 fathoms from the surface to 1,500 fathoms. These results served also to confirm others already obtained, both by Professor Thomson and Professor Carpenter. The temperature at the surface was 75.2° Fahr., and that at 1,500 fathoms, 36.6° Fahr. On landing at the Bermudas, a careful survey of the beach and inland formations was made, the result serving to confirm the views advanced by Lieutenant Nelson, that "the great proportion if not the whole of the rocks of Bermudas, are formed simply by the blowing up by the wind of the fine calcareous sand and the product of the disintegration of the coral-shells, serpulula-tubes, and other constituents of the Bermuda reefs, that white sand which extends at varying depths through a radius of twenty miles round the island." By the force of the wind alone this sand is blown into hills often fifty feet in height, which move slowly inward, often overwhelming, like a huge wave, large tracts of fertile country, with gardens, fields, and cottages even, not halting in its advance until met by an opposing barrier sufficiently high to check its progress. These "Eolian formations," as Lieutenant Nelson named them, often assume the appearance of real rocks, exhibiting in their curves and folds every evidence of "metamorphic action, extending over incalculable periods of time."

In view of the early completion of the Museum of Natural History, which is now assured, the contracts for the masonry having been awarded, information regarding the sale of collections and curiosities can but be of value. It is with the hope that the interests of this institution may be furthered that we present the following from *Nature*: "Dr. Göppert, of Breslau, the veteran writer on the subject of fossil plants, is desirous of disposing of his immense collection, in securing which he has spent more than thirty years, and made it, perhaps, the finest in the world, embracing, as it does, type-specimens of ninety-four different works and four hundred minor essays, represented on about one thousand plates. The number of specimens exceeds eleven thousand, and includes *sigillaria* from sixteen to twenty feet in length, and other spe-

elements of equal magnitude. There are also two hundred specimens of different kinds of amber, with their inclosed plants, and also a series of diamonds, with various objects included in them. In addition to the fossil objects, there is also a very large collection of recent plants, which serves to illustrate the first-mentioned series, such as palms, tree-ferns, cycades, bamboo, algae, sections of wood, fruits, seeds, etc. Numerous original drawings also accompany the collection, which add much to its value." Were it possible to convince many of our readers of the actual value of this collection, we doubt not that the needed purchase-money would be forthcoming. If we are to have a museum, let it be like the Anderson School—the finest in the world.

At the June session of the Royal Society, Messrs. De La Rue, Balfour Stewart, and Benjamin Loewy, contributed a paper "On a Tendency observed in Sun-spots to change alternately from one Solar Hemisphere to the other." In this communication it was stated that, during periods of greatest disturbance, there is a tendency in the solar spots to change from the north or positive to the south or negative hemispheres, and the reverse, the time occupied in the change being about twenty-five days. As the eminent observers above mentioned failed to render any positive opinion as to the cause of these oscillations, the views of Professor Chase, of Haverford College, may be of interest. In a recent letter to the *Tribune*, the writer, after noting the coincidence between the period of these changes and "the harmonic indications of a possible unknown planet or meteoric belt, about $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{2}{3}$ of the earth's mean distance from the sun," advances the opinion that "these phenomena point to such a disturbing influence as I anticipated (an unknown planet or meteoric belt), revolving around the sun in a period of about two solar rotations."

Among the numerous perplexing questions to which our complex system of tariff rates gives rise, is that which requires a distinction to be made in the duties upon mixed fabrics, the charges varying with the proportions of vegetable or animal fibres represented in the stuff. While recommending the microscope as the surest method of settling this question, a recent authority states that this instrument, however, cannot do every thing, citing the following case: "There is a certain fabric in use purporting to be made entirely of cows' hair. The question came up, 'Is there any sheep's wool in it?' This could not be answered, for, while the bulk of each is easily distinguished, there are some hairs from each animal that cannot be known from the other. In this case, so far as known, chemistry is equally powerless." From this and numerous similar instances, it is evident that, if our legislators mean to secure a perfect enforcement of the tariff, there is every need that the government employ in that branch of the service trained and skillful microscopists and chemists.

The energy displayed by Russian astronomers, and the liberal action of the government, respecting the coming transit-of-Venus observations, commend themselves to the approval and imitation of the other great nations. The Russian astronomers, it is stated, have decided upon occupying twenty-four stations, or three times the number named by the United States. In addition to special instruments of great value, each station has a complete outfit of clocks, chronometer, and instruments for determining the local time. The observers for these stations are to be trained at the Imperial Central

Observatory, at Pultowa; and, after the results are reported, the geographical position of the most favorable stations is to be determined by a special naval expedition. To aid in this work, a line of telegraph is to be laid through Siberia to Nicolaevsk.

From the reports thus far obtained from the Yellowstone Expedition, it would appear that few discoveries of interest to science have been made. Whether this lack is owing to the nature of the region traversed, or to the comparative weakness of the scientific corps, remains to be proved. While we have no mind to detract from the qualifications and scientific ability of Professor Allen, yet it is to be regretted that to a military expedition so fully equipped and ably commanded there should not have been added one or more specialists in the several branches of geology, mineralogy, and botany. In view, however, of the generous aid which the government has extended to science during recent years, we are induced to regard its present action, or rather inaction, as an oversight rather than a deliberate neglect.

Professor Kirkwood, whose opinions regarding the existence of an intra-Mercurial planet have already been given in the *JOURNAL*, has forwarded the following dispatch to the *Tribune*, bearing the date of Bloomington, Indiana, August 16th:

"To the Editor of the *Tribune*."

"Sir: If the rapid passage of black spots across the sun's disk in different years, from the 9th to the 14th of October, were the transits of an intra-Mercurial planet, with a period nearly equal to that assigned by Professor Alexander, the next transit ought to occur on or near the 10th of October, 1878. The sun should, therefore, be carefully watched by astronomers about that epoch."

"DANIEL KIRKWOOD."

As explaining the cause of boiler-explosions, Dr. L. Bradley advances the opinion that they may be due to the decomposition or "dissociation" of the steam into its elements, oxygen and hydrogen, and their subsequent reunion. In order to effect the generation of this explosive gas, or mixture of gases, in a boiler, it is needful that the vapor be heated to 1,998° Fahr., a result which may follow when the water has been made to assume the spheroidal shape. It is furthermore stated that, before an explosive point is reached, the proportion of the oxyhydrogen gas must be to the vapor or steam as one to seven.

Professor Watson, of the Ann-Arbor Observatory, Michigan, announces the discovery of a new planet. On the evening of July 29th—the time of its discovery—the planet was regarded as a star of the twelfth magnitude; but a subsequent observation, made on the night of August 17th, proved the object to be a new asteroid, having at that time a right ascension of twenty-three hours and three minutes, and a declination of two degrees and thirty-eight minutes south.

The injurious effect of artificial light upon the eye is said to be due to the presence of an excessive number of non-luminous heat-rays. As proving this, it is said that, while sunlight contains fifty per cent. of these rays, electric light has eighty, gaslight ninety, and kerosene-light ninety-four per cent. In view of these facts, an eminent German chemist proposes to absorb these injurious rays by interposing between the source of light and the eye a thin layer of alum or mica.

A Canadian is said to have invented a method for utilizing the white gum from the common milk-weed, and that of the flax, etc. By digesting and fermenting the seeds from these plants, a thick liquid is obtained, which, on evaporation, leaves a thick, gummy mass, having many of the properties of India-rubber, for which it may in many instances be substituted.

In a recent letter to the American Geographical Society, Dr. Petermann writes as follows regarding the results of the Polar Expedition: "To me the geographical results appear of an extraordinary value. At any rate, they are the highest that any vessel, among the numerous expeditions of all nations to the north and south poles, has ever accomplished since many centuries."

In *Nature* for July 31st, A. H. Garrod advances and supports the theory that nerve-force has its origin in the "differences of temperature between the interior and surface of the living body." We shall watch with interest the discussion which these views will be likely to provoke.

Sayings and Doings at Home and Abroad.

THE report of General Kauffmann, of the Khivan expedition, on the occupation of the Khivan capital, has been published in the Russian papers, and extracts from it are translated by several London journals. It is full of interesting details: "At daybreak, on the 29th of May, the general's detachment left its bivouac at Yangi-Arik, and, by eight o'clock in the morning, it reached the gardens, which lie close to the walls of Khiva. Here the general was received by the principal public functionaries of the country, who came out of the town to greet him. Among them was Seyd Emir Ul-Umar, uncle of the khan, Ata-Djan, brother of the khan, and Inak-Irta-Sali, one of his more distant relatives, who had visited General Kauffmann the day before. These personages made some presents to the general, at the same time informing him that, as the khan had left his capital and had not returned, the inhabitants had liberated his brother Ata-Djan, whom he had kept in confinement for seven months, and had proclaimed him khan, under the regency of his uncle Seyd Emir Ul-Umar. The latter, an old man of seventy, is the representative of the peace party in Khiva, and had always urged the necessity of maintaining friendly relations with Russia, which caused him to fall into disgrace with the khan. General Kauffmann then ordered the other detachments to cease firing; and, at two in the afternoon, the troops marched into the town with bands playing and colors flying. The four gates and the citadel were first garrisoned, and the remainder of the troops halted in the fortress on the square in front of the palace. Here General Kauffmann congratulated the troops, in the name of the emperor, on the successful results of the expedition, and thanked them for their services, after which he withdrew to the palace, where he received various deputations of citizens, merchants, etc. The alarm and confusion which were at first caused by the presence of the Russian troops speedily abated; the people in the town and in the adjoining villages returned to their houses, the bazaar and shops were again opened, and trade became as brisk as ever."

The Paris correspondent of a London journal writes of the relations of the French and the German invaders: "It is pleasant during the last stage of the invasion to be able to record traits of good feeling on the part of the enemy, and to see the same publicly acknowledged by the French. Not long ago a Paris journal related how a peasant had been disabled by a Prussian soldier with a sabre-cut. The man was tried by court-martial for having wantonly inflicted this injury, and was sen-

tenced to a severe penalty. At the same time a certain sum of money was awarded to the peasant. It, however, reached General Manteuffel's ears that the sufferer was a married man with a family, that he would not be able to resume work for a long time, and that his wife and children were in distress. The general immediately set matters to rights, and out of his private purse furnished the necessary means of subsistence for many a day to come. The maire of Nancy, where the German headquarters remained so long, has just written a long letter on the subject of a gift of twenty thousand francs offered by General Manteuffel to the poor of Nancy. In this letter the following passage occurs: "The general has only acted from a feeling of charity; he has not ceased to assure me of this fact, and I have little cause to doubt him, being aware of the numerous acts of charity accomplished, since the occupation of Nancy by Monsieur and Madame de Manteuffel—acts accomplished with the greatest discretion, which have remained unknown, and which were often masked under a veil. Now that the general-in-chief of the German army has definitively quitted our town, I have it at heart to do him the justice which he deserves, and to repeat publicly what I had the honor to say to him, that during the whole duration of the occupation, he often governed more from the heart than with the rigor he had the power to employ, and I beg to address him my sincere thanks."

Some idea of the work of the London School Board may be gained from the following statistics, collected by one of the statistical committee—Mr. Watson. In his report, Mr. Watson "began by dividing London into three parts, the first of which was contained in a circle running from the Tower of London, taking in the whole of the city, part of Finsbury, part of Marylebone, as far as the Marble Arch, and part of Westminster, and bounded again by the Thames back to the Tower. In this, he said, the school population (that is to say, the children of school age) was 101,925, but from these 23,326 had been deducted as not requiring elementary education, and the board had taken the remainder 80,599 to be provided for. Of this number the board had provided for 79,599. Then with regard to the second part of London, that part lying on the north side of the Thames outside the circle he had just made—these outlying parts including the Tower hamlets, Hackney, the remainder of Finsbury, Marylebone, and the whole of Chelsea—here the school population was 287,976, and after deducting 59,547 there was a net number of 228,429. The provision made to meet this enormous number was 206,989. The third part of London included Greenwich, Southwark, and Lambeth. The school population in these southern divisions was 284,892, and after deducting 40,927 there remained 144,865, of which 135,346 had been already provided for. Thus it appears that in the first division thus made of the metropolis, as much as 79-80ths of the educational work has been accomplished. While in the second division more than 10-11ths, and in the third about 13-14ths, have been completed. The whole number of children requiring elementary education in the metropolis would thus appear to be 454,783, of whom 421,984, or nearly 13-14ths, have been already provided for."

The following extracts from a compilation of statistics, made by some benevolent writer on the staff of the *Hartford Courant*, will give new courage to all those who carefully bestow themselves in cellars or between feather-beds on the approach of a thunder-shower: "Taking the figures of the last census report for our facts, we find that, during the year 1870, there were, in the whole country, 203 deaths from lightning-stroke. Let womankind take notice that, out of these, 148 deaths were of males, and only 54 of females. The total number of deaths from all causes was nearly 500,000. There were 2,437 deaths from other causes to one death from lightning, and there were 190,883 persons living to every one killed by this cause. It is somewhat singular that the lightning was decidedly more destructive with both males and females between the ages of ten and thirty years than with any others; between ten and fifteen years is the most fatal time, but even then the number is very small. . . . While only 203 persons died from lightning-

stroke in 1870, there were 397 deaths from sunstroke, or nearly twice as many. . . . It is also noticeable that there were 1,345 deaths by suicide, while there were only 203 deaths by lightning; in other words, an individual is six times as likely to kill himself as lightning is to kill him."

Concerning an item of interesting news from Vienna, the *Evening Post*, some time ago, said: "Private advices just received from Vienna announce that a medal for merit in Group XXVI.—that of education and instruction—has been awarded to the collection of American periodical literature, collected by Mr. Steiger, of this city, now, in his line, one of our foremost publishers and purveyors of foreign publications. A description of this collection, which, though necessarily imperfect, fairly represented our periodical literature, was published in these columns some weeks ago, but it was scarcely supposed then that more would be accomplished than to make a respectable show, and redeem the United States from disgrace in this department. The result, therefore, agreeably disappoints our expectation, and reflects exceeding credit on the publisher by whose enterprise it has been brought about. The Germans, no doubt, anticipated keeping this medal at home, though not as journalists entitled to pre-eminence, except in the single department of year-books: but they will have to submit to the disappointment with what grace they can." We are glad to learn that official advices have since confirmed the statement thus made.

According to an official dispatch published in the *Levant Herald*, "an important decision has been arrived at in Turkey, with reference to the succession of foreigners to real estate. Prior to the passing of the law conceding to foreigners the right of holding real estate in the Ottoman dominions—which has now become available to the natives of all countries whose diplomatic representatives in Turkey have signed the protocol—many foreigners did, in point of fact, possess land and houses in Turkey in the names of their wives, who, for this purpose, had become Ottoman subjects. But the Ottoman code, until modified by the new law, did not permit of the real estate of an Ottoman subject passing by inheritance to any of his or her relatives who were foreign subjects. The question has therefore arisen whether in the case of wives of Europeans having become Ottoman subjects, and holding real estate, who died before the new law took effect, their children or other relatives, foreign subjects, can inherit such estate. The question had been formerly put to the government by the administration of the Defterhane (registry of deeds), and the Council of State has decided that successors of this description cannot inherit, the law not being retrospective."

Lord Dufferin, in an address before the Montreal Normal School, gave American children the usual castigation for their bad manners. He said: "I confess if there is any criticism which I have to pass upon the youth of this new country—I do not say of Canada especially, but of the continent of America—it is that I have been struck by the absence of the deference and respect for those who are older than themselves to which we still cling in Europe. I have observed, in traveling on board the steamboats on the St. Lawrence, children running about from one end of the vessel to the other, whom, more than once, I have been tempted to take up and give a good whipping. I have seen them thrust aside two gentlemen in conversation, trample on ladies' dresses, shoulder their way about, without a thought of the inconvenience they were occasioning; and, what was more remarkable, these little thoughtless indiscretions did not seem to attract the attention of their parents. When I ventured to make an observation on this to the people with whom I have been traveling, I was always told that these little pleasing individuals came from the other side of the line."

Mrs. Francois, the wife of the American minister in Greece, in a private letter quoted by the *Journal of Commerce*, writes from Athens as follows of the discoveries made on the supposed site of ancient Troy by Mr. Schliemann, who for some years has searched for the ruins of the old city, and has recently begun an entirely new series of excavations, with

many assistants: "Mr. Schliemann returned from Troy yesterday. He has completed his excavations, after three years of labor, by a grand master-stroke. He has discovered the palace of Priam and large treasure in gold and silver. He has carried away with him forty large cases containing various articles, also fifteen baskets of real treasures. We called upon him to-day at his residence for the purpose of examining his collection. I saw in his house gold goblets and vases which shine just like the gold of our age. I also saw some beautiful head-ornaments made of gold, massive and well made, resembling those now worn by the modern Greeks. There is a golden goblet weighing nearly three pounds, also a quantity of small, round ear-rings, such as are used and worn by children of our days."

The New-York *Tribune* says, pertinent to the Wawaset disaster: "Teach your children to swim. One would be actually astonished to find, upon inquiry among his personal friends, how few of them have this—not accomplishment any more than ciphering is an accomplishment—simple acquisition, to be gained by a few hours' devotion. Besides the advantage a swimmer has when he finds himself, perforce in the water, another great gain is the courage the consciousness of the ability to swim gives one, when an accident is imminent. As an example, to show how even those whose pleasure or whose duties call them constantly upon the water neglect to gain the knowledge of swimming, only a short time since, on a yachting trip, one of the party ascertained that neither the owner, the skipper, nor the mate of the yacht, knew how to swim, while out of ten passengers four could not swim a stroke. A well-known captain informed us that one-third of the officers and sailors of the English navy are also ignorant upon the subject."

If one could be sure the observer took accurate note of the phenomena described below, as occurring at Oil City, Pennsylvania, then it must be admitted that lightning, in this case, did play a very queer freak—but—well, let those believe who may: "The lightning struck a very large iron tank, capable of holding ten thousand barrels, but containing, at the time, three thousand barrels of oil. The bolt struck the top of the tank at the edge, and ran completely around the periphery of the top, cutting off the head of every bolt that fastened the top to the side. The top was raised about two feet by the concussion, and the oil took fire, sending an immense body of flame high in air. In an instant the top fell back to its position, instantly smothering the fire inside. The oil burned off the outside of the tank, and then went out, and no further damage was done. The cover was not two inches out of its original position after its fall."

We find but scanty information in the European newspapers in regard to the burning of the Ferdinand Palace, at Brunswick, recently; and yet the building was one of those with which many most interesting reminiscences are associated. "The larger part of the building dated only from the beginning of the last century; but the whole of its walls were raised on the older foundations of the castle of that Henry the Lion, husband of Matilda, whose history is so much bound up with that of the earlier Plantagenets, and the northern front actually retained the columns and arches built by him on his return from England. One of the gate-ways which was left had been the opening to the private gallery by which the hero was wont, in his last years, to pass direct to the Cathedral of St. Blaise, erected close by as the memorial of his piety, and in which his monument still forms a conspicuous object in the central aisle."

A change has been made in the management of the Weather Bureau at Washington—a civilian professor being replaced by an army officer, in one of the departments of the office. Whereof the *Tribune* well says: "This shows that the government is alive to the emergency, and prepared to meet it at the right end. The gross mismanagement in the bureau, which has checked the watering-place season, soaked the peaches, and beaten down the grain, has been rebuked none too soon, and we are glad to see that this civilian professor has been brought up with a round turn. Under the supervision of an officer of the regular army,

trained to habits of discipline at the National Military Academy, such laxity on the part of the weather will be sternly repressed."

The *Tribune* reports that "the people of Niagara Falls have suddenly fallen to protesting against the bad reputation of their hackmen and hotel-keepers;" and adds, with a great deal of justice: "The hackmen and showmen are dreaded indeed; but the charges at the hotels are not above the watering-place standard, and a correspondent reminds us that even the hackmen have a moderate schedule of charges prescribed by law; and, when these are exceeded, the victims ought to complain to the constituted authorities. But victims never do that; they carry their sorrows to the press, and newspapers, unfortunately, have no power to revoke licenses."

The *Evening Post* publishes a letter from Mr. William C. Kinley, who forwards from Milledgeville, Georgia, to the Smithsonian Institution some remarkable antiquities, relics of ancient Indian inhabitants, which were found by him in the State of Georgia. Among these is a vase covered with inscriptions, of which Mr. Kinley says: "I call your special notice to the structure of the urn: first, its graceful form, equal to any pottery; second, its composition, very thin, and yet consisting of three very distinct layers; inside, white, hard, thin enamel, perfectly air- and water-tight; the middle layer about the thickness of fine calf-skin leather; a foundation for the inner and outer coatings consisting of black sandy matter, hard; third, the outer coat, graphic clay, kept in condition for writing on during the whole process of the writer's elaborate work, until he could write the 'whole record.' This written surface, if translated, would be as large as the page of an ordinary newspaper. These three layers, strata, and coatings, are united by the highest science."

A *propos* of the Ashantee War, the *Sheffield Independent* says: "Thanks to the 'sharp practice' of our Birmingham neighbors, there is no reason to fear that the English soldiers will suffer much in the war on the Gold Coast. The unfortunate Ashantees are armed with a well-known musket, of which a large quantity are manufactured in Birmingham for 'the African trade.' These muskets are flint-locks, and are supplied for exportation at about seven shillings each. By this time the Ashantees will doubtless have discovered that their weapons have 'peculiarities.'"

According to the *Paris Opinion Nationale*, Père Hyacinthe, in his last lecture at Geneva, gave his hearers any thing but a rose-colored view of the religious and political situation in France. Among other things he said: "No doubt our patriotism suffered keenly at beholding France vanquished, humiliated, plundered to an extent unprecedented in her history. Yet I confess that that which, at the present day, causes me most uneasiness is what is going on at home. I am thinking far less of our enemies than of our saviors."

In his biography of Rousseau Mr. John Morley asks a pregnant question: "Is it possible that the last word of civilization has been heard in our existing arrangements?" The answer he gives is, that generations will come to whom our present system will "seem just as wasteful, as morally hideous, and as scientifically indefensible, as that older system which impoverished and depopulated empires, that a despot or a caste might have no least wish ungratified, for which the lives or the treasure of others could suffice."

The Wilmington (Delaware) *Commercial* says that the wet weather of a week or two ago greatly damaged the peach crop, preventing the gathering of the fruit, and causing heavy loss to fruit-farmers. Had it not been for this, it thinks the shipments from the neighborhood of Wilmington would have been the largest made for years.

The value of a well-managed land-grant is strikingly shown by the experience of the Union Pacific Railroad. During the month of July, which is always dull, the company sold twenty thousand six hundred acres, and the price they brought (\$6.73 per acre) indicates that the company's lands are steadily appreciating in value.

The Emperor of Germany has granted a liberal subvention to the eminent geologist, Dr. von Richtofen, for the publication of the scientific results of his travels in China and Japan.

In the preface to his "Literature and Dogma," Matthew Arnold uses an anglicized form of the word "renaissance," namely, "renaissance."

There were sixty thousand two hundred and ninety-six lunatics, idiots, and persons of unsound mind, in England, on January 1st of the present year.

Poultry in country places in England is cheaper than butcher's meat, and hence is being quite generally substituted for the latter on many tables.

Dr. Marc Girard, an eminent French surgeon, died recently from the prick of a pin which he had used in a surgical operation, and with which he accidentally scratched his finger.

An item of London news is the election of Mr. Henry Watterson, the Louisville editor, to be a member of the Cobden Club.

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

AUGUST 16.—Collision on the Chicago and Alton Railroad, near Lemont, Ill.; eleven persons killed and thirty-five injured.

Dispatch that the Spanish Cortes had passed a bill calling out eighty thousand of the reserves. Intelligence that all males above sixteen in Cartagena had been enrolled to defend the city; that a thousand refugees from Valencia had landed on the coast of Alicante, and were levying contributions on the towns; and that eight hundred Galician socialists were marching to Portugal, hoping to find sympathizers.

AUGUST 17.—Death, at Philadelphia, of William M. Meredith, an eminent lawyer. Intelligence of the death, at Rome, 28th ult., of Rinaldo Kinaldi, an Italian sculptor, pupil of Canova.

The insurgents in Cuba defeated at Yeguas.

AUGUST 18.—Death, at New York, of the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring, an eminent Presbyterian divine; and, at Harrisburg, Pa., of General A. B. Warford.

Dispatch of the besieging of Cartagena by General Martinez Campos, with six thousand Republican troops, and that the Internationals of Cartagena had released and armed eighteen hundred convicts to help defend the city.

AUGUST 19.—Death at Geneva, Switzerland, of the ex-Duke of Brunswick and Lauenburg.

Intelligence of the collision of the steamship Alabama with the bark Abeona off the coast of Ireland, 4th inst. The captain and seven of the crew of the Abeona lost; three rescued by the Alabama.

Four workmen killed and twenty wounded by the caving of a tunnel at Shepton Mallet, Somerset, England.

Dispatch of an engagement at Puerto Principe, Cuba, 12th inst.; Spanish loss thirty-one killed.

Dispatch of the capture of Murcia by the Spanish government general, Martinez Campos, on the 15th inst. Intelligence of the condemnation of several persons to death by the Tribunal of Justice at Seville, for firing buildings during the holding of the city by the Internationals. Dispatch that the commander of the British fleet in Spanish waters refused to surrender the war-ships *Vittoria* and *Almanza*, captured from the Internationals, to the Spanish Government, and ordered them to Gibraltar.

Nine grand diplomas of honor awarded to American exhibitors at the Vienna International Exhibition, and over one hundred medals of merit.

AUGUST 20.—Intelligence that many of the tribes of Sumatra had joined the Achehese in the war against the Dutch.

Advices of a conflagration at Valparaiso, and damaging earthquakes at Petorca, Quillota, Ligua, and Lirnsche, in Chili.

Report of a Carlist victory near Berga, Spain.

Convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science opened at Portland, Me.

AUGUST 21.—Intelligence of a flood in Agra, India, destroying some lives and three thousand five hundred native houses.

Laying of an ocean-cable between Lisbon and Rio Janeiro commenced.

Collision on the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad; three persons killed, three injured.

AUGUST 22.—Dispatch of a Carlist defeat near Berga; ninety Carlists reported killed and three hundred wounded, including Generals Saballs and Tristany; siege of Berga raised.

Intelligence of the breaking up of a noted band of robbers near Salerno, Italy; six killed, remainder captured.

Advices of the capture of Caceres, Vice-President of St. Domingo, by the rebels.

Intelligence of the death, at St. Sebastian, Spain, of M. Lefèvre, a French author; at Petworth, Sussex, England, 2d inst., of Lord Zouche; also of the Rev. E. M. Cope, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, England.

Notices.

PROGRESS IN AMERICAN INVENTION.—We are informed that the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company has recently perfected and is now introducing a new and meritorious Sewing Machine, the New Wheeler & Wilson No. 6, which is constructed on novel principles, and seems destined to revolutionize the sewing machinery of manufacturers.

This seems to be one of the reasons why this Company has received, at the World's Exposition, Vienna, 1873, both the *Grand Medal for Merit* and the *Grand Medal for Progress*, since receiving the highest prizes at former World's Expositions, and is the only sewing machine company recommended by the International Jury for the *Grand Diploma of Honor*.

TO INVESTORS.—To those who wish to reinvest Coupons or Dividends, and those who wish to increase their income from means already invested in other less profitable securities, we recommend the Seven-Thirty Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, as well secured and unusually productive.—JAY COOK & CO.

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